

Sick Puppy Comix

number ten

ADULT MATURE READERS

*fuck *h
meow!*

\$3.00

6TH
GRADE
SCIENCE
FAIR

1ST PRIZE
"TALKING
DOG"



sick puppy comix #10

po box 93 paddington nsw 2021 australia www.sickpuppycomix.com stratu@start.com.au

"Carol Bundy took romantic devotion to even more hideous lengths. In the early 1980's, Bundy was the live-in lover of Douglas Clark, a psychopathic killer of prostitutes and necrophiliac dubbed "the Sunset Strip Slayer". Among his various pleasures, Clark liked to lure young women into his car, shoot them in the temple while they were felling him, then carry their decapitated heads home for further fun and games. On at least one occasion, Bundy helped out by playing beautician - applying lipstick and makeup to one of the heads and giving it a pretty hairdo. As soon as she was done, her boyfriend took the head into the bathroom and used it for oral sex. "We had a lot of fun with her," Bundy later confessed. "I made her up like a Barbie".

- from THE A TO Z ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SERIAL KILLERS by HAROLD SCHETER and DAVID EVERETT (Pocket Books 1996)

EDITORIAL BLAH...

Welcome to the ridiculously delayed SP#10. I guess many of you thought it would never come out (among, of course, the folks out there who *prayed* it would never come out - ha ha - eat my butt brownies!), and there were a few times when I was *sure* it wouldn't. Hell, I went through such a screwed up phase (psychologically speaking) in the early part of the year I wanted nothing to do with the damned thing. Well, thanks to the wonders of modern pharmacology, my 'idiosyncratic' brain is working better now than it has in years, and the most 'concrete' example of this successful chemical rewiring is the trash compactor you now hold in your hands. So, I sure hope you all enjoy it as much as I enjoyed squeezing it outta my arse. If you do, I'd love to hear from you. And if you don't, I'd *still* love to hear from you! You see - it's lonely at the top. Heh.

Warm, golden regards to you all... Stratu November 9, 1999

CONTRIBUTOR NOTES...

Neale Blanden has been publishing his own comix for more than 10 years. He works in a factory and also teaches folks how to make comix for a local TAFE college. Write to Neale at 20 Ross St Huntingdale VIC 3166. * **Who the hell is Carnage?** Good question. * **Susan Butcher and Carol Wood** are the 'chicks' behind Pox zine. (If you never hear from me again it's because Susan and Carol have had me executed for having the nerve to call 'em 'chicks'). Write to PO Box 1298 St Kilda South VIC 3182. * **Steve Carter and Antoinette Rydys** are the psychopaths responsible for creating comix that got banned in this stinkin' country, namely 'Spore Whores' (for FANTAGRAPHICS' EROS imprint). They live in a house that looks kinda like the one in Texas Chainsaw Massacre. Contact them via PO Box 312 Greenacre NSW2190. * **Des** smokes dope until it comes out of his ears, you can contact him via Rancho Rabid if you want. * **Anton Emdin** has been doing his comic Cruel World for a while now. These days he's also getting work in magazines like JJJ's Recovery, plus doing punk rock album covers. Write to him at 35 Clarendon Road Stanmore NSW 2048. * **Tim Danko** is the gentleman behind the legendary Dead Xerox Press, he's been involved in the self publishing biz for something like 10 years and has a stack of his own fine books available, write to Tim c/o Dead Xerox Press PO Box 348 Flemington VIC 3031. * **Tommy De Koos** is one of a group of comix fiends from the Netherlands. If you dig his work as much as I do, write to Clijverstraat 27, 4281 PT Vlissingen, Holland, the Netherlands. * **Mannheim Jerkoff** is our own notorious porn reviewer, plus he has recently begun co-editing a film zine called Crimson Celluloid with David Nolte (reviewed in this issue - see Xerox King). Mannheim's obsessive quest for the most extreme and depraved acts committed to videotape is ongoing. Meanwhile can be contacted through Sick Puppy Comix. * When I see **Kapreles'** work, it's impossible not to think of the extreme splatter comix of Mike Diana. Is Kapreles influenced by Diana or is it the other way around? You could write and ask. Paleisstraat 7 Bus 3, 2018 Antwerpen, Belgium. * **Maccad** publishes the Goth comic Glitter Shy, which is plugged in this issue's Xerox King review pages, also find his contact details there. * **Peter McQuade**, AKA Pterodactyl Man, has self published his Cosmic Halkus and is busy performing in his pterodactyl suit all around Sydney. Find his contact details in this issue's Xerox King. * **Chris Mikul** publishes the excellent zine Bizarrrism and recently got a book deal, check out Xerox King for more info and contact details. * **Bruno D Nadalin** hails from New Jersey and produces his comic Churn of which a new issue is just out, reviewed here in Xerox King. * **David Puckeridge** was recently knocked from the pole position as 'Vomit King of Rancho Rabid'. His remarkable, pumpkin soup-like effort was bumped by my friend Aaron recently, all the way from London via Tokyo. A recent accident had seen his stomach split into two pieces and I guess he just hadn't fully recovered. After an intense suds session he sprayed slimy puke from one end of Rancho Rabid to the other. Aaron, I salute you - the new Vomit King of Rancho Rabid!! Anyway, besides blasting pumpkin soup outta his mouth after beer and vodka sessions, David also makes a comic, Gristle Fern - write to him at PO Box 312 Kingswood NSW 2747. * **Clint Q-Ray** has a great new comic out, 'Ling', plugged in this issue's Xerox King, also get his contact details there. * **Glenn Smith** designs badges for a living these days, while still finding time to pump out his exquisite comix - check out Xerox King in this issue for more. * **Stratu** - that's me, you know what I do. For trivia fans out there, here's something else - you wanna come and visit Rancho Rabid? All you need to do is bring a 6pack of whatever beer you wanna bring 'round, long as it's not that fuckin' low alcohol crap, and you're in. * **Ross Tesoriero** is the protective suit-wearing guy responsible for Radiation Sickness. For some reason (which I feel sick with shame about) his latest mini 'Full Fathom' slipped through the Xerox King net. If you like his stuff please write to him at 35 Clarendon Road Stanmore NSW 2048 or check out his website ross.byteserve.com.au. * **Marc Van Elburg** was my first connection to an exciting world of comix from Europe, mostly from the Netherlands. I look forward to presenting more of his (and their) work in future SICK PUPPYS. Contact Marc at PO Box 68, 7700AB Dedemsvaart, Holland, the Netherlands or telab@xs4all.nl. * **J W P Zandvliet** - his drawings seem to be dominated by erect, spurting cocks. I ain't got a problem with that. Have you? Write to him at Beeldend Kunstenaar, Heenvlietstraat 3, 3114 VJ Schiedam, the Netherlands or itam@kabelfoon.nl.

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"SCHOOLYARD ROADKILL VALENTINE"

FAMILY SPECIAL!

SYDNEY, JULY → '99...



~~That's~~ another comic altogether.

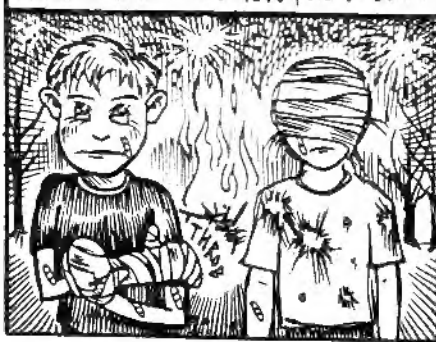
I'm sure some of the crappy, generic Aussie comic characters might've had a chance to be acted out.



BEFORE they're TRAGICALLY put to print!!

* I HOPE THIS CHARACTER DIDN'T ACTUALLY EXIST..... BASH OF E.M.

Another sore-point, PERSONALLY, is the sad fact we HAD firecracker night, then it was banned all of a sudden. It was taken away from us by "THE FRIENDS OF CHILDREN'S HANDS" committee...Halloween could've paid us back!



We celebrate football players dressing-up like loonies! Accept it like some ancient rite.



We celebrate cross-dressing all year 'round more drag queens per block than anywhere! The result of a no-halloween childhood.



We've got severe sweet-teeth down here...we munch on Milo Bars, Bullets, Cobbers, Caramello Koalas, Minties, Jaffas, Freckles...man! DAMN SHAME!!





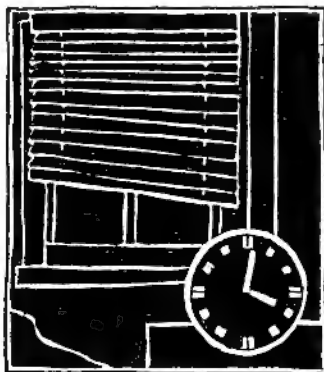
O.K. DECISION MAKERS!
I'VE GOT THE MASCOTS
AND IF THE KIDS DON'T GET HALLOWEEN
MILLY, OLLY &
SYD CERTAINLY WILL!!

WELL... ER... ACTUALLY... IT'S WAY TOO LATE FOR
THESE DRESSED-UP ACTOR HASBEENS BUT
IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR THE KIDS TO
SHOW SOME PRIDE IN OUR OWN TRUE-BLUE
FAIR-DINKUM, CORPSE-SHINKIN' EVIL!
HAPPY HALLOWEEN
EVERYONE!!



THE
END..

INSOMNIAC



I'M AN INSOMNIAC.
ALWAYS HAVE BEEN.

I STAGGER THROUGH THE DAY,
MY EYES RUSTED INTO MY SKULL
WITH TIREDNESS. EVERYONE
AROUND LOOKS SO FRESH AND HAPPY!



I GAVE UP TRYING TO SLEEP
AND STARTED WALKING AT NIGHT.
LONG, LONG WALKS PAST
HOUSES MOSTLY DARK.



ONE NIGHT I CAME UPON AN OLD
DERELICT GUY WHO'D BEEN SET
ON FIRE BY KIDS OR SOMEONE.

HE WAS IN A REAL BAD WAY.
HIS LAST WORDS WERE...



I SEE PEOPLE DOING THINGS AND
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING.



SOMETIMES I FIND WINDOWS OPEN
AND I CAN GO INSIDE THE HOUSES

I GO INTO PEOPLE'S BEDROOMS
AND WATCH THEM SLEEP.



I'LL SHOW THEM SLEEP.

PLEASE KILL YOURSELF
YOU'RE A WASTE OF
HUMAN FLESH!!



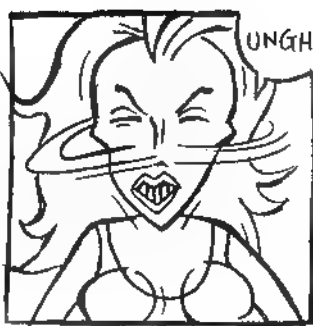
Luke Gets Laid

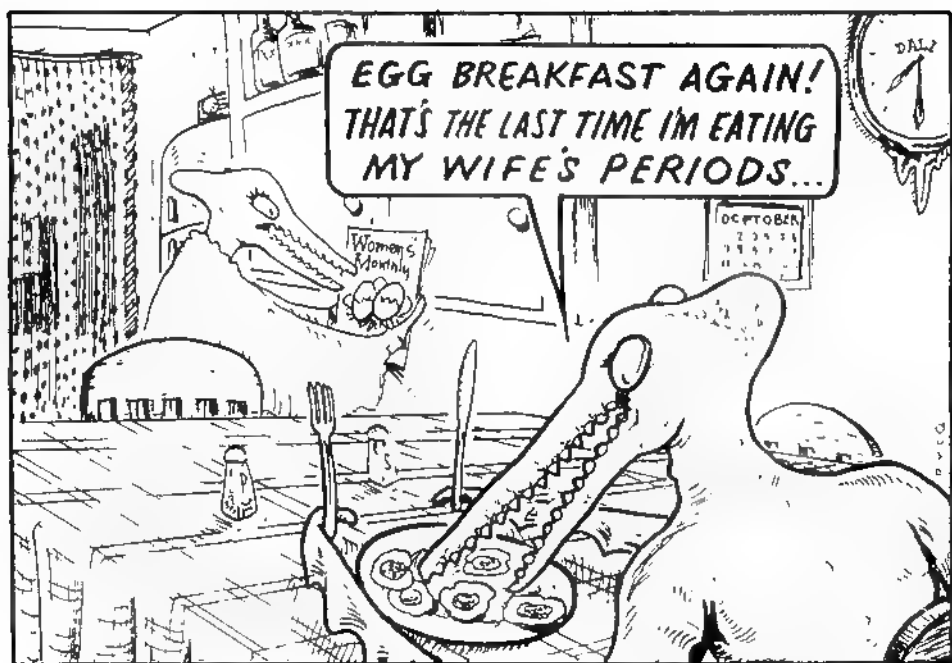
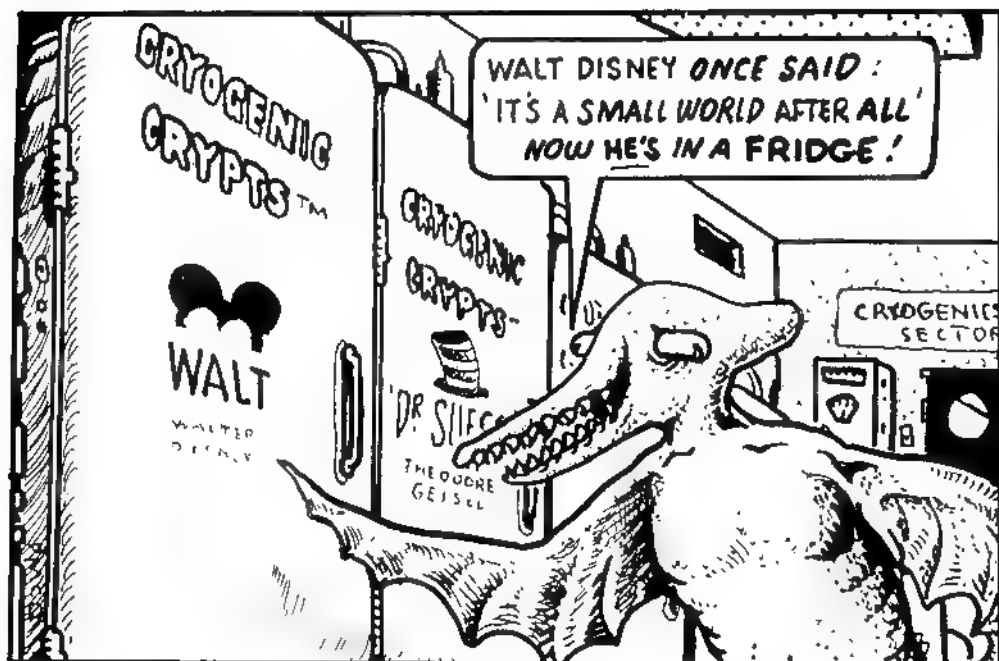
SO LUKE,
HOW'S ABOUT
YOU AND ME
GO BACK
TO MY PLACE
AND MAKE
LIKE A
WOOKIEE
WITH TWO
BACKS?

BUT I WAS GOIN'
TO ATARI STATION
TO GET SOME
POWER CONVERTERS

I'VE GOT A
BAD
FEELING
ABOUT THIS..

I CAN'T
BELIEVE I'M
ACTUALLY
DOING IT!





Shit pete in.. religion is Shit

© STRATTON & SEPANESE 1997

HEY PETE! ARE YOU A
RELIGIOUS MAN??
HUH? ARE YA, PETE??



WHY CERTAINLY, MY
SIMPLE FRIEND! SHIT
IS MY RELIGION. SHIT
IS MY GOD!



BUT HOW CAN SHIT BE
A RELIGION, PETE?
SHIT COMES OUTTA
YR ANUS!



LISTEN, WORMBOY! I'M
NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR
FEEBLE OBSCURE PLAN-
ETARY GAGS!! SHUT UP
AND KINDLY ALLOW ME
TO EXPLAIN...



FIRSTLY, YOU SHOVE A FRESH
STEAMING HUNK OF SHIT IN
SOMEBODY'S FACE AND IT
INvariably PROvokes BLIND
TERROR! THE EXACT SAME
TERROR AN ANGRY GOD INSPIRES!



SECONDLY, WHAT'S THE FIRST
SIGN THAT YOU ARE ILL? - YOUR
SHIT RAINS DOWN FROM YOUR
ARSEHOLE LIKE A VIOLENT
HELLISH MUDSLIDE! CLEAR
PROOF OF SHITTY PROPHETIC
POWERS!!!



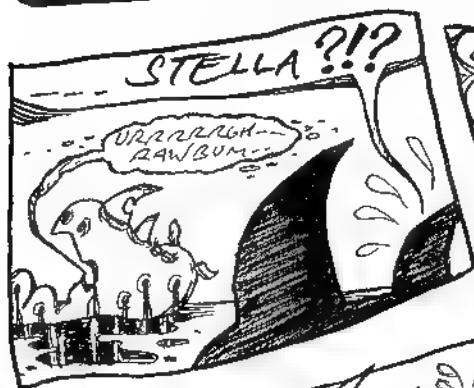
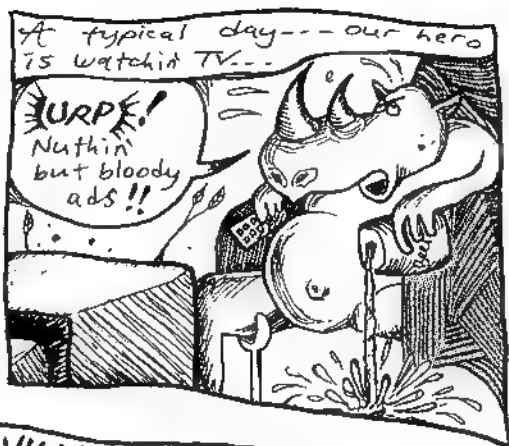
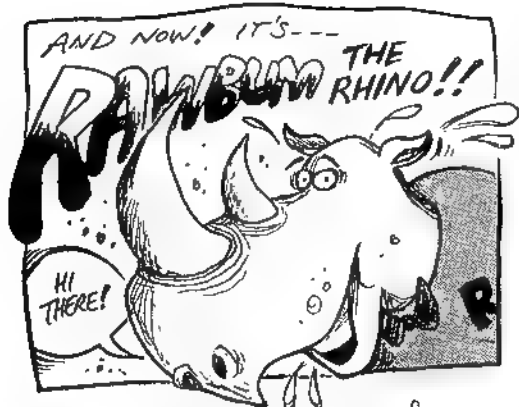
LASTLY, SIMPLY PONDER THE
JOYOUS ECSTASY THAT TAKING
A GOOD SHIT INSPIRES -
FURTHER PROOF OF THE POWERFUL
RELIGIOUS MIRACLE OF
SHIT!

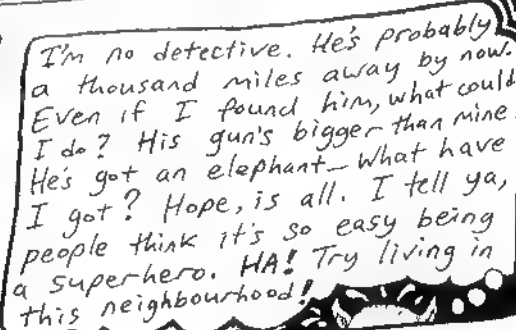


SO NOW YOU SEE, MY
LOW WATTAGE FRIEND...
I AM SHIT PETE!
AND MY RELIGION IS
SHIT!



THE END!





Sammy Sperm in MONEY SHOT MANIA

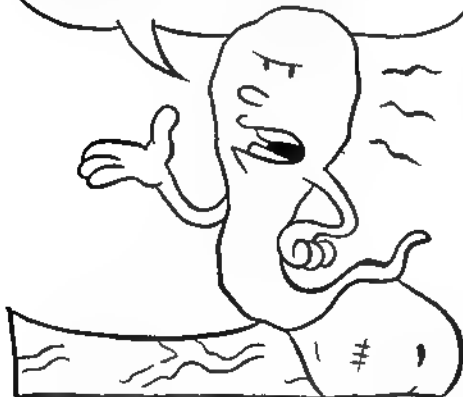
LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT..
YOU WANT ME TO JUMP
FROM THIS COCK ONTO
THAT GIRL'S FACE...
WHEN DO I GET TO DO
MY MONOLOGUE?



FOR THE LAST TIME...
THERE IS NO FUCKING
MONOLOGUE... NOW
QUIT WASTING MY
TIME



LISTEN BUDDY... MY
AGENT TOLD ME THAT
THIS WAS A SPEAKING
PART... I DIDN'T STUDY
ACTING FOR FIVE
YEARS TO BE A
GODDAMN STUNTMAN



SHUT UP
AND JUMP

OH, THE
INDIGNITY
OF IT ALL



VIOLENCE AGAINST MUSIC

reviews by STEVE CARTER

UYN OSTERWIEKES - 'SCHULZ CANAL'

This one consists of eight tracks of material that is primarily digital, electronic and processed. The feel is in a similar vein to projects like **Pan Sonic** (Panasonic), **Bannlust**, etc, but just a little weirder, somewhat more varied and leaning well into the avant garde with a distinct emphasis on sound itself rather than any obvious rhythm. There are, however, plenty of subliminal rhythms and a considerable degree of composition and structure. All of it is either semi-obscured by or cleverly interwoven into various levels of abstract noise and loops.

The cumulative effect is not so much aggressively weird as it is weird and moody. This music is subtle and artful but never completely ambient. At every point there is some level of activity that engages the listener and carries him or her along. What is most evident is that all notions of conventional and legitimate music, or even the formulae which underlie much of today's dance-oriented techno and digital electronics, have been forgone so that a far more obscure domain of textural abstractions can be reached. Though this is still a relatively unknown territory, even in the late '90s, **Schulz Canal** remains every bit a tangible work, even for those listeners not familiar with such experimentation into musical surrealism and noise, and therein lies much of its beauty and conceptual success.

The track 'Schulz Canal' AM' is one of the highlights with its eerie and disturbing processed voices emerging out of a backdrop of subdued electronic mumbings to form an effects-drenched tapestry of indescribable strangeness and meandering sound. It contributes to and complements the album's overall immersion into something very alien, unconventional but undeniably musical.

If there is one complaint it is that there should have been more! At only 35 odd minutes **Schulz Canal** is a little brief for an album in this age of 70 minutes plus epics. But then, music is more about quality than quantity and this one comes at a very affordable budget price.

DON CABALLERO - 'DON CABALLERO 2 and WHAT BURNS NEVER RETURNS'

Don Caballero is a four-piece instrumental outfit from the US who play a lively and aggressive brand of guitar, bass and drums oriented experimental and non-formulaic jazzrock. It is similar in part to bands like **Massacre** (with **Fred Frith** and **Bill Laswell**), **Guru Guru**, etc, semi-improvised and loose yet very structured. Communication between the players is intuitive and very effective.

Don Caballero plough into ever-changing and unpredictable angular, twisting and turning rhythms which force the music and its mood into myriad shapes and directions while infusing it with pure energy. At times this material is reminiscent of **Trout Mask Replica** era **Captain Beefheart** or even **James Chance** and the **Contortions**, but with a decidedly jazzy bent. Occasionally it veers into metal or **Hendrix**-like realms, but is considerably more technical and possesses a constantly fresh edge.

Don Caballero's music is always truly inspired, the sound is pretty much an individual one and this outfit are by no means short of good ideas and an effective means of delivering them. On both of these albums the quality of playing is high, both fluid and disciplined. The musical style is well-developed and sophisticated but not in any way pretentious, and the production is strong.

HATFIELD AND THE NORTH - 'HATFIELD AND THE NORTH' (aka the 'SHAVING IS BORING' LP) and THE ROTTERS CLUB (reissues)

Hatfield and the North are one of several bands which emerged in the UK during the mid-late '60s and early '70s which played a very British and eccentric kind of experimental jazzrock, often with a satirical edge and an avant garde sensibility. This very definitive, frequently complex and also diverse and creative music was typified by strong melodies, skilful composition, intuitive improvisation, harmonious but often weird vocals and an innate sense of the surreal and dada. It evolved out of a pool of musicians and artists predominantly from the Canterbury region which included the likes of **Robert Wyatt**, **Hugh Hopper**, **Dave Stewart**, **Lol Coxhill**, **Pip Pyle**, etc, most of whom constantly interchanged ideas and jammed together, further evolving and refining their artform.

The specific group of bands which resulted from this interaction includes **Caravan**, **Soft Machine**, **Gilgamesh**, **Matching Mole**, **National Health**, etc, and their music became known as "the Canterbury Sound". Some of these bands had a more sedate, mainstream-friendly sound than others (**Caravan**) while others were blatantly experimental (**Soft Machine**). All of them played music which appealed on many levels, including elements of pop, jazz, rock and the avant garde in their output, usually mixed up in a brew that was at once tasteful, quirky, strange, intricate, accessible and meticulously crafted while allowing for a lot of spontaneity. It was intellectual without being elitist, progressive without pomposity, imaginative and innovative.

Hatfield and the North (and **Caravan**) were among the most commercially successful of these bands but their music was far from the trite detritus that usually inhabits the domain of the Top 40. Though light and bright in places, this music had content and depth. The sweetness of melody was never insane, the vocals and music alike were tinged with satire, the vastly extended instrumentals full of invention, mixing elements of **Zappa**, American and European jazzrock and Krautrock in a broth that was equal parts complex composition, spontaneous improvisation and studio trickery. While many Top 40 bands struggle over their entire careers to come up with just a few memorable commercial hits there is enough material on the first **Hatfield and the North** album alone for several such songs. But here it is interwoven into meandering suites of intensely imaginative music. On one hand this material is very British and eccentric, almost Monty Pythonesque in its level of parody and satire; and on the other it is subtle, underpinned by a devotion to serious musical composition and an almost academic approach to playing in a jazzrock form (not unlike latter **Soft Machine**, members of which played with **Hatfield and the North**, along with musicians from **Caravan**, **Matching Mole** and **Henry Cow**). The appeal of the music and ideas contained within are never overridden by the humorous content.

The second **Hatfield and the North** LP, titled 'THE ROTTERS CLUB', is very similar to the first and more or less an extension of it with more of a leaning towards an overall instrumental jazzrock feel. The satirical edge is still present, however. It is mostly evident in the vocals and lyrics. After two LPs the band dissipated and some members went on to form the similar but almost wholly instrumental, far more complex and far less mainstream sounding.

Health

xerox king

- comix and zine reviews by stratu -

-- send your comix and zines to SICK PUPPY COMIX - RABID PUBLISHING PO
BOX 93 PADDINGTON NSW 2021 AUSTRALIA --

Note: A '' preceding the title indicates that the artist's work is featured in this issue of SICK PUPPY. All comix and zines are Australian unless otherwise noted.*

It's been so long since the last issue of SICK PUPPY that the pile of comix and zines before me has grown to Jack and the Beanstalk proportions. I mean, it's even bigger than that brown tall Shit Pete grew the other day which threatened to paint the Rancho Rabid toilet a retching shade of caca. The only way to get rid of it was to dismember it like a serial killer's victim, making numerous trips to the bins under cover of night to unload the plastic-wrapped and pungent steamers. Well, enough about that - here's half of the aforementioned pile...

ANGST & ANKHS - BLACK LIGHT ANGELS COMIK #7 by Louise Graber (PO Box 84 Glebe NSW 2037 or biangles@hotmail.com or check out the website - www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Arena/6807)

Leading the Gothic charge in comix in this country is Louise with her ongoing story of a Gothic band and their groupies. There's much more to this than a story about a bunch of cemetery-hugging Goths, however. You also get comix reviews, Goth fashion tips along with an extensive directory to Goth on the radio, in clubs, shops, the list goes on. Plus the production standard here is eye-popping - I was especially impressed with the little shiny 'braille' skull on the back cover.

*** BAC BA PHI** by Tim Danko (Dead Xerox Press PO Box 348 Flemington VIC 3031 or timd@adex@yahoo.com) - timd@adex@yahoo.com

Wrapped in a fetching handmade cover (or I should say covers) which utilises incredible techniques like cutouts and screen printing, here is work taken from Tim's dream journals and sketchbooks. Putting your dreams out for the world to see may seem self indulgent, however Tim gets away with it here on account of the way he has written them down, capturing the tiniest details, the pure surrealism, all interspersed with his fine sketchbook art. Bac Ba Phi is something special.

BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED VOL VI #6 June 1999 edited by Richard Freeman (130 W. Limestone Street Yellow Springs OH 45387 USA or bnj@aol.com)

This was kindly sent to me by Rod Leighton, whose column I enjoyed back when it appeared in Betty Pagnated. BNI is a porn/erotic newsletter and in this issue Porn Is Dead (about the horrific news that porn is now being studied in universities); To Be a Sexual Son (he snapped his mother's bra strap and her reaction shocked him); I Love Norma Stütz (a large black woman proud of her considerable boobular assets - check out her website www.normastutz.com); a reevaluation of pornstar Seka's dubious talents; and a column about the notorious Andre 'Piss Christ' Serrano's lesser known photograph 'Leo's Fantasy' (depicting a dominatrix pissing into a guy's eager mouth). This is a great little zine with sharp writing - I'll be seeking out more of these pronto.

BETTY PAGINATED #20 by Dann Lennard (PO Box A1412 Sydney South NSW 1235 or danhelen@idx.com.au)

There's just no stopping Dann with his dual obsession with naked women and wrestling. In this issue Dann interviews hairy WWF titan Mick 'Mankind' Foley (and gets a smelly Mr Socko jammed in his mouth for the photoshoot), Fifi writes about her 15 minute career as a table dancer, Dann writes about the highlights of his chief subeditor job at People magazine (including interviewing pornstar Jenna Jameson and Naked Gun star Leslie Nielsen) and announces his new job editing a wrestling mag; Helen Vnuk writes about smack-shooting-hippy utopia Byron Bay, and that's just the tip of the iceberg - this baby's packed. Get it now for \$3 ('nospaid') 'cos next issue it jumps to \$5.



ANGST & ANKHS (B.L.A. CK #7)



BNI tribinul loves NORMA STÜTZ

bp
betty pagnated



PLUS
ANNA MAY WONG
NICOLE BASS
PREACHER
AND A LITTLE BIT MORE



*** BITS 'N' PIECES #1** by Neale Blanden (20 Ross Street Huntingdale VIC 3166)

This is a collection of Neale's work that appeared in other folks' publications, like Platinum Grit, Shabby, Eddie, Kumquat, Tales From the Sewers, The Trip and Sic Bag. A real cute touch is that on the back of every copy is a different photo of Neale's tiny daughter Neale's been doing comix for eleven years, his work is brilliant, and you should get this, friends.

*** BIZARRISM #7** by Chris Mikul (PO Box K546 Haymarket NSW 1240 or catnab@wr.com.au)

I've gone (and will continue to go) blue in the face squawking the praises of Chris' fine zine. The obsessive, eccentric characters Chris exhaustively researches and writes about will inspire delight and fascination, and how reassuring it is to know that people such as these are still among us in this often bland world of mindless conformity. One great thing about Bizzarrism is the high proportion of Australians included, like in this issue, where you can read about the Vincent Van Gogh of Bondi There's also The Anatomy of Conspiracy Theory, In Memoriam of Screaming Lord Sutch, legendary wrestling family The Van Enchs (by Dann 'Betty Pagnated Lennard); Harry Stephen Keeler (the oddest writer of mystery stories)- Ceausescu (#1 in a series of Chris' favourite dictators), along with a bunch of book reviews (Congratulations also to Chris for landing a book deal with the UK's Headpress - titled (apty) Bizzarrism, it is a collection of writings from his zine. You should be able to order it through your local bookstore).

BORDELLO #1 edited by Leah Bryan (PO Box 592 Moe VIC 3825)

I picked up this juicy item during my last visit to Melbourne's excellent Polyester Books. It's a collection of short erotic stories and, as Leah says, "it's designed primarily for women (but I'd be happy for guys to get some enjoyment out of it, too. They've certainly helped write some of this!)" Well, personally, I got more than "some" enjoyment out of it. How refreshing to read hardcore sex stories by a woman who is proud of her dildo collection, and who acknowledges that it can be a turn on for a girl to be called a "slut" or a "whore". In this issue there was also writing about Lydia Lunch, 'the Joys of Fist Fucking', and some dildo reviews. It also "came" with a free condom, as will future issues I seems. Great new zine, this one - I wanna see more.

*** CHURN #4** by Bruno D Nadalin (PO Box 142 Hoboken NJ 07030 USA or brunonadalin@yahoo.com)

Witness the stomach churning horror that is the Tunnel of Oozing Sores; learn about Bruno's 'Perfect Childhood'; see the human pinata; discover the dark origin of Easter eggs; read about Bruno's father, who commandeered the young Bruno's elementary school art projects, earning himself outstanding grades and the praise of Bruno's teachers for much of the 70's, gag as your eyes behold the Antique Road Whore; and share the pain of the truly pathetic Virgil as his naive, bumbling exploits climax in a vicious arse reaming. Strongly recommended for the more dedicated and discerning SICK PUPPY readers out there.

*** THE COSMIC HAIKUS OF PTERODACTYL MAN** by Peter McQuade (PO Box 703 Glebe NSW 2037 or check out his website www.geocities.com/Paris/Tower/5539/)

Now here's something truly unique. This gentleman actually performs dressed as a pterodactyl with full mask, the whole shebang. He also creates these wonderful comic haikus featuring himself in all manner of strange scenarios and co-starring hippies, old folks, even Walt Disney's head. Great stuff.

*** CRIMSON CELLULOID #2** co-edited by David Nolte and Mannheim Jerkoff (\$1 from PO Box 352 Plympton SA 5038 or The Land Beyond Beyond in Sydney)

Fatal Visions contributor David Nolte teams up with our own infamous Mannheim Jerkoff in a film review frenzy the likes of which you will *not* find in your mummy's copy of TV Week. Films alternately puked or ejaculated upon include Mighty Joe Young, Less Than Zero, God's Lonely Man, Man Bites Dog, Spice World: The Movie, American History X, Redball and Lolita. Also read Mannheim's adult bookshop review (this issue the legendary Eric's in Pitt Street) and Nolte's Guide to Peepshow Etiquette. SICK PUPPY readers will not want to miss this.

*** CRUEL WORLD #6** by Anton Emdin (35 Clarendon Road Stanmore NSW 2048 or check out his website - <http://homepages.hug.com.au/~anton>)

Re-reading the first story in Anton's latest offering, 'Sweet Valley Thigh', I was struck with the realisation that he has managed to pull off a Beverly Hills 90210 type thing where the writers have been kidnapped and replaced with fiends obsessed with teen porn and slasher films. Ah, if only this happened in real life.



DEBACLE VOL I and II by Tyler (?)

These two comix were given to me immediately following the Grossout Comix panel 1 (along with Anton Emdin and Ross Tesoriero) spoke on at the Newcastle Young Writer's Festival (I think this guy is the one flipping the Satanic hand sign in the audience photos I took which you can see on the SICK PUPPY website). These comix were both published in 1995 and contain very raw, primitive comix loaded with mutant junkies and depravity of all kinds, along with hilarious, retarded 'letters to the editor'. Somehow I was led to believe that the photo on the cover of VOL I is of teenage Ecstasy casualty Anna Wood, post overdose. I am very eager to contact the author of these comix - are you out there, fiend?

FROTH #12 by Michael Fikaris (contact Michael through Dead Xerox Press PO Box 348 Flemington VIC 3031 or timdeadex@yahoo.com)

I picked up a couple of back issues of Froth when I was in Melbourne early this year (Jan '99). They were well presented with nice art, but when I sat down to read them I was put off by the seeming scatterbrained way they were assembled. I figured it was the incoherent work of a terminal stoner. (It still seems as though I was spot on there). Well, this issue really clicked for me, it's still dislocated, but the short fragments of scenarios, ideas and flashes of insight now work for me. There's some very surreal work here no doubt about it, but there's also great strips like the one where Michael realises "it's more entertaining to watch a baby than it is to see a blockbuster movie. I'd rather watch a baby human being inquisitive than an adult acting rich". Guess I'm a convert.

* **GLITTER SHY #2** by Maccad (9/226 Victoria Ave Chatswood NSW 2067 or check out his website - www.goth.net/~maccad)

One of the better Goth type comix around these parts. Really sharp art, very nice indeed. Is Maccad a guy or a girl? I don't know, but he or she really has it in for Marilyn Manson and his fans. Along with comix, you get an illustrated story about a Goth girl who comes back from beyond to help out a friend, plus there's a column dealing with the author's thoughts on death. Well, that's OK - it is a Goth comic.

HYPERGRAPHIA #1 by Laura Seabrook (46 Charlton Street Baysley NSW 2278 or c9704057@alinga.newcastle.edu.au)

I met Laura at the recent Newcastle Writer's Festival - she really stood out in the crowd. See, Laura is a transsexual, formerly named Larry, and this is her first shot at comix. This debut issue contains reprints of older work that appeared in City Cornique and her old zine Apocrypha, plus a Carol Wood suicide story from Pox. All new work is promised for issue #2. Since I know virtually nothing about the world of transsexuals, I'll be following Laura's work with eyes wide open.

ITCHY SKULL COMIX #1 edited by Paul Gibney (26/85 Beauchamp Street Marrickville NSW 2204)

Paul does these one-offs every now and then, with a different title each time, his reason being he got sick of folks asking when the next issue is coming out. Fair enough. This is dedicated to Don Boyd (1945?-1999), who I'm sure I met at Steve and Antoinette's place one time - he had some kind of model he was working on and seemed like a real nice, eccentric kinda guy. Anyway, a bizarre sci-fi type strip of his features in this, along with work by Steve Carter, Wayne Fitzgerald, Rosie Gaudiosi, Paul Gibney, Mark Hawkins, David Puckeridge, Antoinette Rydyr and Des Waterman. The best stuff in here for me is Des' 'It's Bunny & Bob!' strips featuring a retarded 'comic' and his terminally frustrated manager. I'd love to see an entire comic by Des, however rumour has it that he's such a slack arsed stoner sonofabitch, he's lucky if he can get his shoes on the appropriate feet, so I ain't holdin' my breath.

* **LING #1** by Q-Ray (PO Box 612 South Melbourne VIC 3205)

Well, this is the first issue of a series that will deal with Q-Ray's experiences in the Newtown punk scene, at the end of high school, when he was living in Sydney. Speaking to Clint recently, he wouldn't give much away, but he did imply that one of Sydney's (now) higher profile teenypunk (my term, not Clint's) bands would feature somehow in the story. My recommendation is to "get in on the ground floor" here - this series is sure to expose more than Q-Ray's formidable comix abilities.

untitled comic by Gregory Mackay (get it through Tim Danko's Dead Xerox Press PO Box 348 Flemington VIC 3031 or e-mail Greg via Tim at timdeadex@yahoo.com)

I really can't find a title here anywhere.

I had the great pleasure of spending time with Melbourne comix folk like Gregory Mackay, Tim Danko, Kieran Mangan, Clint Q-Ray and Michael Fikaris during the



FROTH #12



recent (Sept-Oct '99) Newcastle Young Writer's Festival (quite possibly this country's most 'punk rock' writer's fest). A particular highlight was shooting the breeze with them one night in the park opposite the magnificent old Civic Centre/Town Hall. There were bats in the trees above bombing us with big seeds, we were chugging suds and smoking cigar-like doobies and the talk was great. I read this comic (Gregory's) sitting on the enormous sandstone steps of the Town Hall. Much of it is quite experimental, messing around with time, and I found it really did some weird things to my head. I'm still not sure what is happening, but it's that kind of 'experimental' where I'm drawn back to it in an attempt to figure it out. There's more conventional strips too, like the one about the talkative businessman guy Greg met in a pub and later found out he was executed, or the Francis Bear strip. I love the Francis Bear stories. Write to Greg and get this, and maybe his others, 'cos he's one of the best we've got.

*** POX#4 - THE WEIRD ISSUE** by Susan Butcher and Carol Wood (PO Box 1298 St Kilda South VIC 3182)

The mistresses of comics spoofs do their thing here on Rocky and Bullwinkle, Princess Diana (the life and death of), bondage comic, Bob 'Subgenius' Dobbs, Jim Woodring's 'Frank', the Monkees, Franz Kafka, along with two pages of ads for stuff like the Four Man Saw and Threaded Staples. Also available is the free VIZ spoof comic. Write for yours today!

PURPLE MONKEY DISHWASHER #5 edited by Eddie Trojan (PO Box 18 Modbury North SA 5092 or ed@hai9000.net.au)

What a great zine - super chunky and packed with neat stuff, like interviews with Planet Pimp Records' supremo Sven-Erik Geddes, mega pornstar Ron 'the Hedgehog' Jeremy, underground filmmaker A W Feidler, telephone pranksters The Touch Tone Terrorists, Wet Set Magazine editor Paul Compton, plus there's A Guide To Wanking and Vibrators, sex toy giveaways, Phil Hartman, along with zine, trash videos and album reviews. Strongly recommended for the discerning SICK PUPPY reader. (Incidentally, the name Purple Monkey Dishwasher is from a Simpson's episode).

*** THE SYDNEY MORNING HELL** and **BATHED IN TOYS** by Glenn Smith (PO Box 185 Penshurst NSW 2222)

Two more inky treats Glenn sends our way, each one loaded with his awesome art, the likes of which will guarantee multiple eyegasm. Much of his work appears to have been brought back from alien worlds, and we're the lucky ones because he transcribes the fruits of his travels for us to jam our eyeballs up against, drooling ferociously. Glenn's day job is designing badges for clubs like the Budgenger Fanciers of Australia. Go figure.

*** TERRA INCOGNITA** anthology edited by Marc Van Elburg (PO Box 68 7700AB Dedemsvaart the Netherlands or tel.ab@xs4all.nl)

One of the most prolific in the subterranean world of self publishing is my friend Marc from the Netherlands. This is an anthology featuring artists from all over the world, including Marc himself, Mr Brinkman, Takeshi Tadatsu, Screwface, Marcel Ruiters, Helene H Tricker, De Krimpos, Tommy De Koos, Marcel Herms, Claudio Parente, Stratu, Knust, Mark Smol and Evan. This book is truly an orgy for the eyeballs, printed as it is in purple, red and blue. You will at first think you need 3D glasses, but you don't. Here is art so unique and otherworldly it just may have originated on another planet. You will treasure this book and keep it close, hold it, jam your eyeballs close to its pages and inhale the ink, eyes rolling up into your head in warm, tingling delirium. It's better than most drugs.

URGH #6 by Kieran Mangan (PO Box 1297 North Fitzroy VIC 3068 or monkey_head_man@hotmail.com)

Something special here all right. I haven't seen any back issues of this, or anything else by Kieran in fact, but it doesn't matter so much because this autobio story seems to be a new direction, dealing with Kieran's experiences early in high school. It moves slowly and the way he has constructed it, he powerfully recreates just what it's like to be the awkward outsider in the often relentlessly cruel environment of high school. This really is strong work, executed with sure, deft control. If you were one who had a bad time back in those days, do not miss this.

PREGNANT HALLOWEEN BONDAGE



Published by Nette Co.

With 7 drawings by Stan

OPTIONAL BONUS
PRODUCTION
\$1.50 per copy
\$3.00

POX #4

PURPLE MONKEY DISHWASHER



WESTON RON JEREMY
TOUCH TONE TERRORISTS A.W. FEIDLER



The Sydney Morning Hell
BY GLENN SMITH
"NATURE READER'S TYPE DEAL"
\$1 (\$2.50)
D.J.Y. OOD-BIN READER'S TYPE DEAL



Ya wanna review here?
then send your comic and
zines along to us at
SICK PUPPY COMIX PO Box 93
PADDINGTON NSW 2021 AUSTRALIA



"a
blessing
in
Dis Guy's
(pants)"

a
little
cartoon
by
anton 'weiner' emdin

monday

HOLY CRAP! I
THINK MY PENIS
HAS SHRUNK



tuesday

HOW ODD... IT'S
EVEN SMALLER.
AND IT'S NOT
EVEN COLD



wednesday

THIS IS ONE PLACE
I CANNOT AFFORD
TO LOSE <
WEIGHT



thursday

HELLO... DO YOU
MAKE CONDOMS
TO FIT BABIES?



friday

IS THAT A
PEANUT IN YOUR
PANTS, OR ARE
YOU JUST UNHAPPY
TO SEE ME?



saturday

HELLOOO. THIS
ISN'T FUNNY
ANYMORE



sunday

I'VE TURNED INTO
A LIVING KEN™
DOLL... KILL ME
NOW



monday

(WOO HOO! IT
INVERTED... I GOT
ME A VAGINA!!



SUI GENERIS

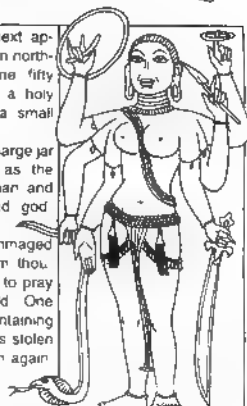
By A. Ryder and
S. Carter © 1998

The first evidence of the existence of Spiderbaby was in 12th Century Kazakhstan. Spiderbaby was born to a 16 year old peasant girl who died during labour. Her baby was retrieved by caesarean section but its massive deformities horrified the family and the baby was rejected and soon died. Spiderbaby's deformities were of an extreme and rare nature. Spiderbaby was in fact two babies of indeterminate gender. The two babies were merged at the front of the skull, the chest and abdomen. Each of their faces was split in two and pushed to the sides of where the merging occurred. The half face of one baby joined the half face of its twin to produce a whole face on either side of the conjoined skull.

Eight limbs protruded from the merged torsos thus giving rise to the name of "Spiderbaby".

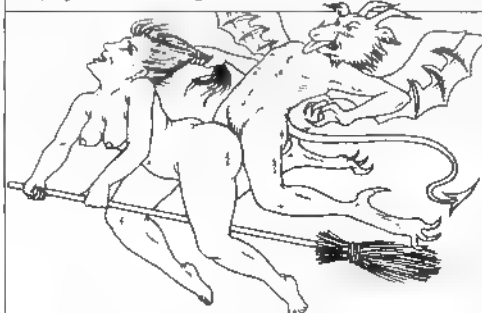


Spiderbaby's next appearance was in northern India some fifty years later as a holy exhibit within a small shrine. Preserved in a large jar it was hailed as the child of a human and the multi-armed god, Shiva. People pilgrimaged to the site from thousands of miles to pray to the godchild. One day the jar containing Spiderbaby was stolen and never seen again until...



Two hundred years later, around the late 14th Century, Spiderbaby made a return appearance. This time in Europe. A zealous friar by the name of Fra Desiderius Bartolomeo travelled the land which was now in the grip of religious fervour and witch-burning hysteria.

While other members of the clergy were busy making and selling "genuine" holy relics, the enterprising Fra Bartolomeo exhibited the air-pickled Spiderbaby proclaiming it as the "spawn of Satan", the evil progeny of sexual congress between the devil and a witch.



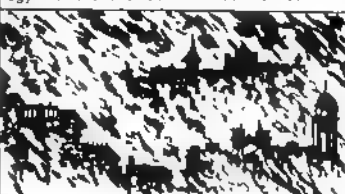
Judging eyes on Spiderbaby, God-fearing peasants donated their savings to the friar in exchange for absolution of original sin and a guaranteed place in Heaven. Although the Bubonic Plague was sweeping the land, what finally caused the demise of the friar was syphilis and a bad case of botulism. With the death of Fra Bartolomeo, Spiderbaby again disappeared.



It has been hypothesised that Spiderbaby was the inspiration behind many of Hieronymus Bosch's twisted freaks in paintings such as "Garden of Earthly Delights" and "The Last Judgement" but no evidence has surfaced to support this argument.

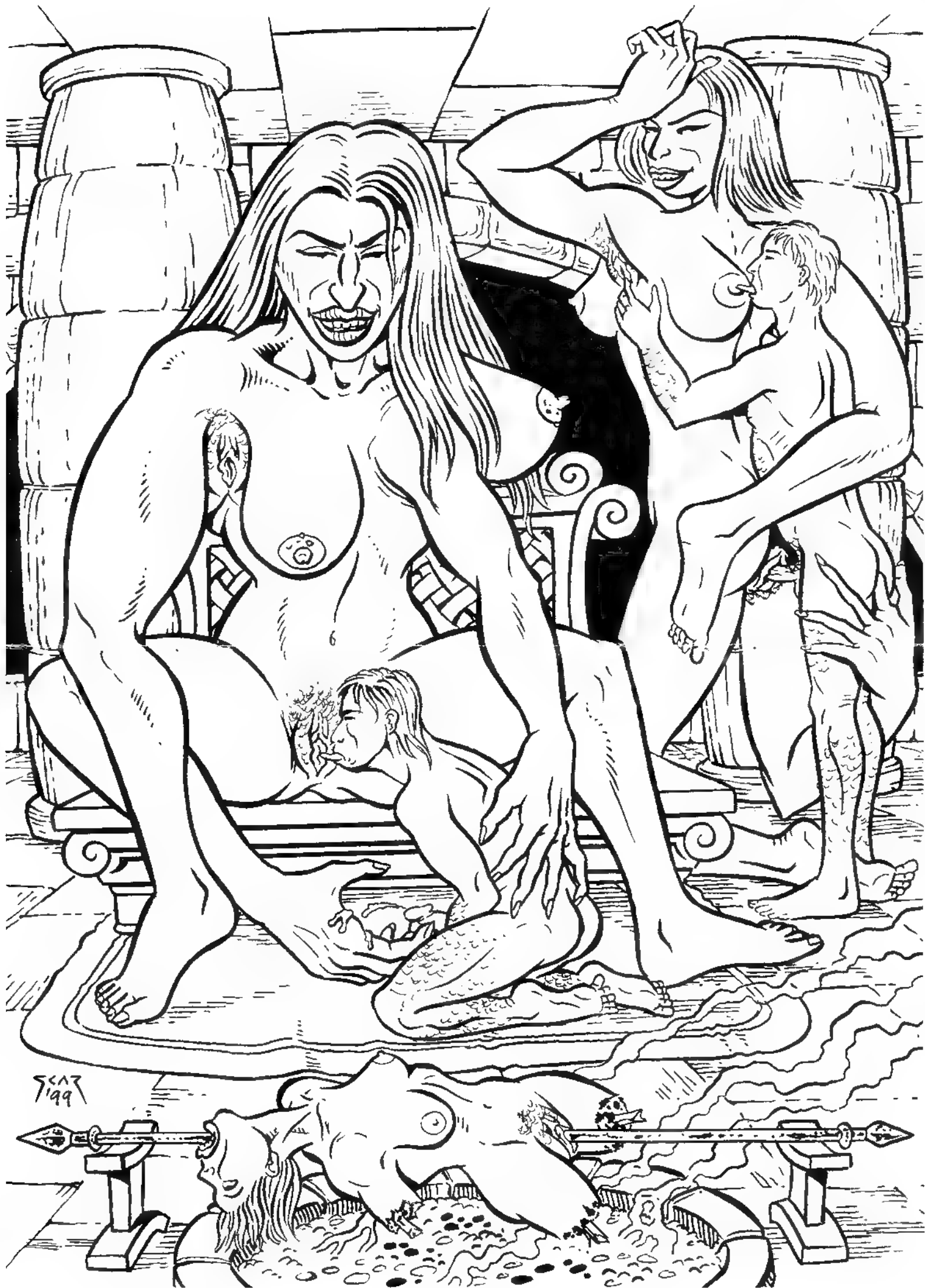


What is known is that Spiderbaby made a brief appearance in England, approximately a century and a half later but was safeguarded to a London vault. The Great Fire of 1666 purged the city of the Black Death and in the blaze Spiderbaby was also destroyed. Or was it? In his book *Surgical Pathology and Teratological Therapeutics* (1886), Sir Humbert Gainsborough makes reference to Spiderbaby residing in the London Medical Academy's collection of teratology, however this has never been verified.



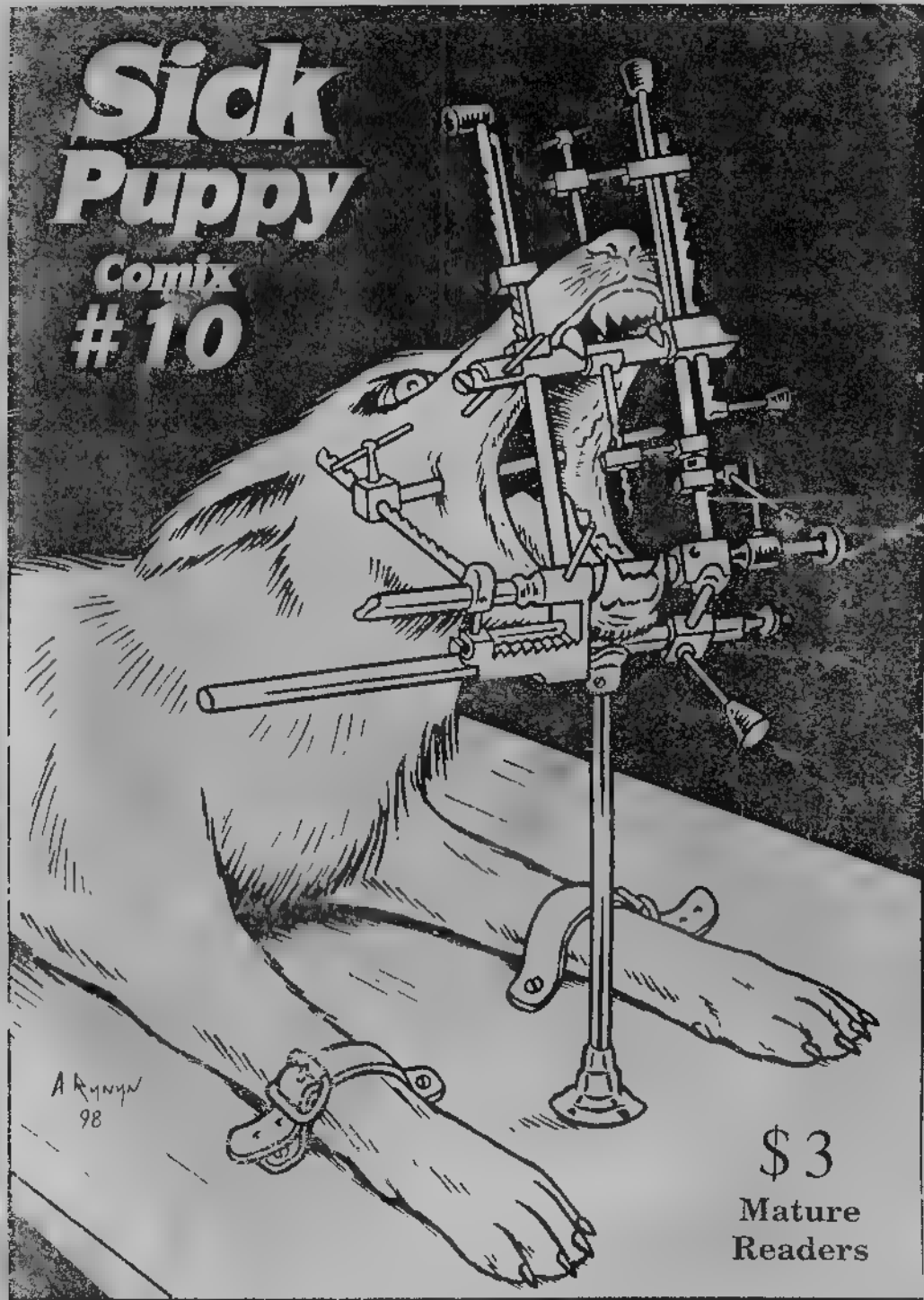
As late as 1964, petty thief and conman Willard T. Hegarty toured the bible-belt of the U.S.A. preaching hellfire and damnation. In an effort to repeat the con- vivances and trickery of Fra Bartolomeo, he displayed "Spiderbaby" to a gullible audience. It was soon revealed to be a hoax using a poorly sewn together leather doll.





Sick Puppy

Comix
#10



A Rynn
98

\$3
Mature
Readers

sick puppy comix #10

po box 93 paddington nsw 2021 australia www.sickpuppycomix.com stratu@start.com.au

"Evil personified appears at first sight repulsive. But the more we study the personality of the Devil, the more fascinating he becomes. In the beginning of existence the Evil One is the embodiment of everything unpleasant, then of everything bad, evil and immoral. He is hatred, destruction, and annihilation incarnate, and as such he is the adversary of existence, of the Creator of God. The Devil is the rebel of the cosmos, the independent in the empire of a tyrant, the opposition to uniformity, the dissonance in universal harmony, the exception to the rule, the particular in the universal, the unforeseen chance that breaks the law; he is the individualizing tendency, the craving for originality, which bodily upsets the ordinances of God that enforce a definite kind of conduct; he overturns the monotony that would permeate the cosmic spheres if every atom in unconscious righteousness and with pious obedience slavishly followed a generally prescribed course."

- 'THE HISTORY OF THE DEVIL AND THE IDEA OF EVIL' by Paul Carus

'DOGGIE'S DENTAL EXAMINATION' SIDE

--- cover by Antoinette Rydyr ---

2 --- here

3 - SICK PUPPY 2039 by Neale Blanden

4 - WHAT IS THE UGLIEST WORD YOU KNOW? By Susan Butcher & Carol Wood

5 - CONTACT WITH CIVILISED RACES by Q-Ray

6 - PIG 'FANCIER' by Bruno D Nadalin

7 - VLAMMENDE BEREN (BURNING BEARS) by Marc Van Elburg

8 - TRUE WAR STORIES by Peter McQuade and AJ plus BONDAGE CUTIES by Peter McQuade

9 - THE FIRST VICTIM by Tommy De Koois

10 - THE SICK PUPPY HI-FI - a bum reviews by Stratu

11 - THE COSMIC HAIKUS OF PTERODACTYL MAN - by Peter McQuade

12 - THE FATE THAT AWAITS STRATU .. by Bruno D Nadalin

13 - KEN OAF'S SEX FILES AND SIN TALES

14 - SEX LIFE by Des

15 - SOME WORDS ABOUT THE MODERN FEMINIST by Carnage

16 - SICK RICK by Stratu (first published in Ryan Vella's 'HAPPINESS IS BLACK' 1997)

17 - DO I NEED THIS SHIT IN MY FACE? by Mannheim Jerkoff

18 - "GO TEAM!" by Maccad

19 - RE-VAULT by Tim Danko

20 - HOME SWEET CASA by J W P Zandvliet

21-22 - SICKBAG - the Sick Puppy Comix mailbox

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funny centrefold by Steve Carter

'SCIENCE FAIR FRANKENPUPPY' SIDE

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13 - SHIT PETE in RELIGION IS SHIT by Stratu (first published in Ross Tesoriero's RADIATION SICKNESS #4 1997)

14-15 - RAWBUM THE RHINO by David Fuckeridge

16 - SAMMY SPERM in MONEYSHOT MANIA by Anton Emdin

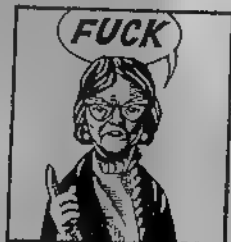
17 - VIOLENCE AGAINST MUSIC - reviews by Steve Carter

18-21 - XEROX KING -comix and zine reviews by Stratu

22 - A BLESSING IN DIS GUY'S (PANTS) by Anton Emdin

23 - SUI GENERIS by Antoinette Rydyr & Steve Carter

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SICK PUPPY 2039

HE USED TO BE GENERATION 'X', BUT NOW HE'S 51.

AFTER A HARD DAYS EMPLOYMENT, I NEED RELAXATION BY A PRIVATE SPANKING OF MY PRIMATE.



BUT FIRST, STIMULATION!
WHERE IS MY FAVORITE EPHEMERA FANTASY?



YES!!



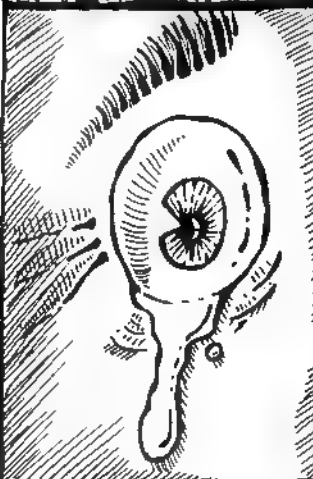
Oooh! yeh!
you DIRTY BITCH!



YOU LOVE
IT! SLUT!!



UGH! ERG!
TAKE MY PDDY!
I'M A BAD BOY!

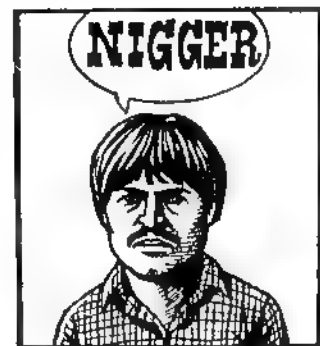
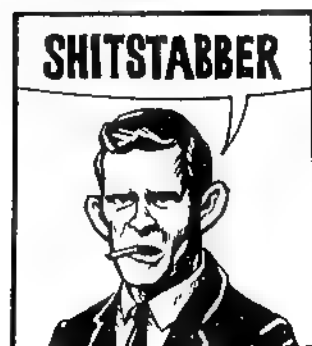
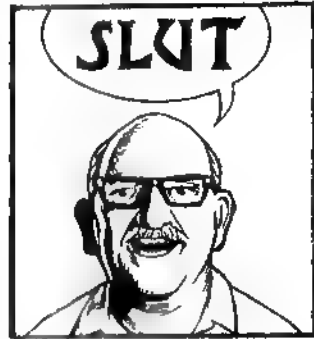
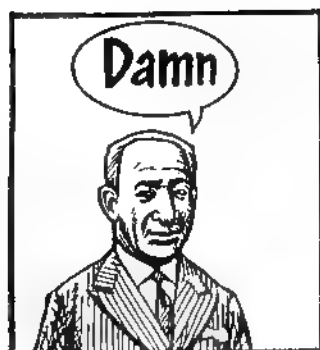


I WISH I HAD A
GIRLFRIEND WHO LOOKS
LIKE MY DEAD MOTHER...

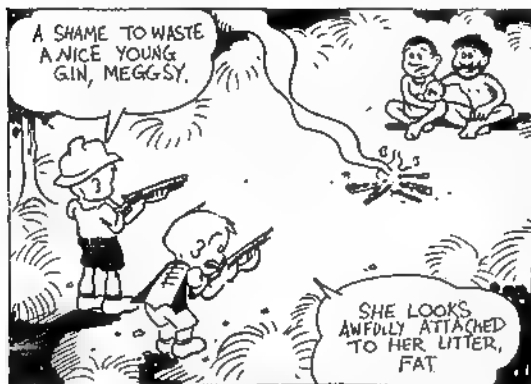


IT'S BEEN 'REAL' KIDS!!

WHAT IS
THE
UGLIEST
WORD
YOU KNOW?
by Butcher+Wood



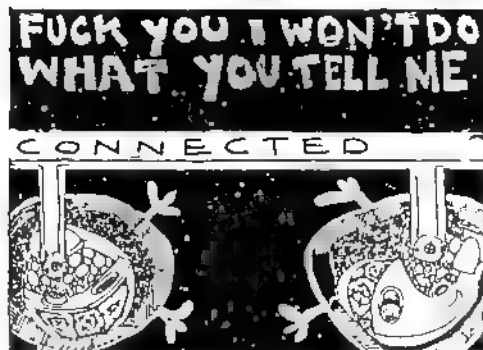
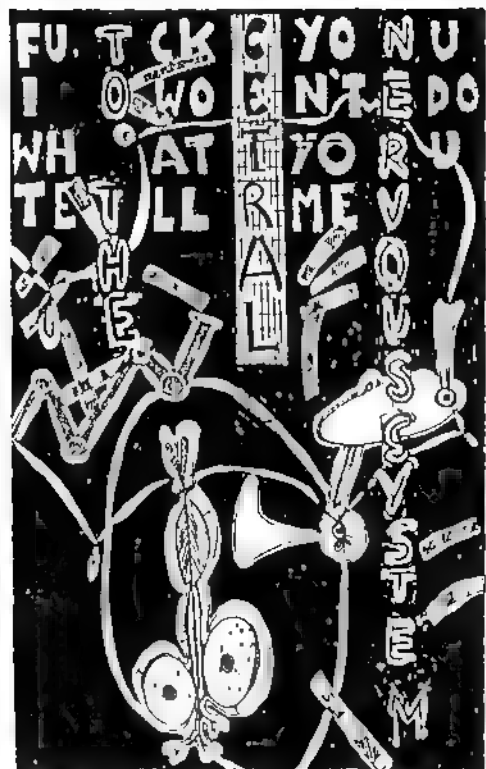
CONTACT WITH CIVILIZED RACES



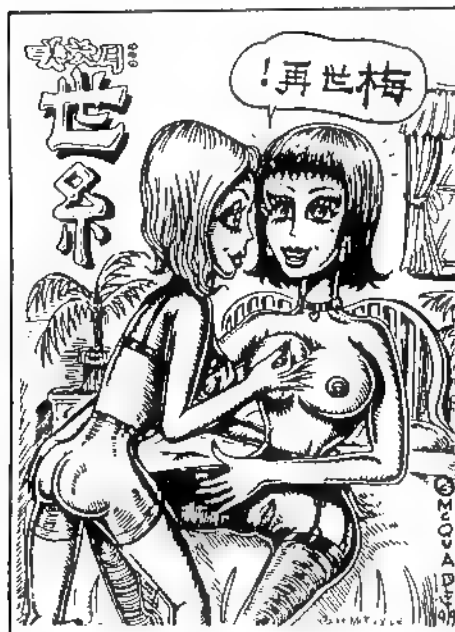


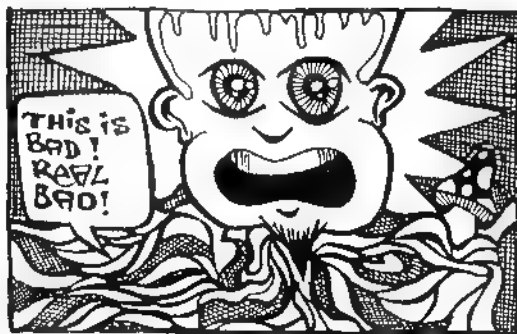
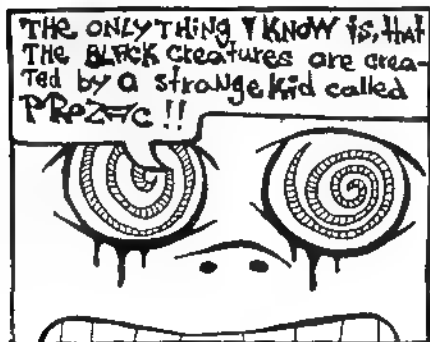
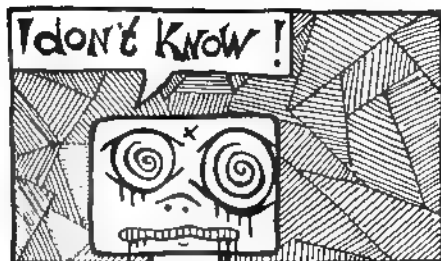
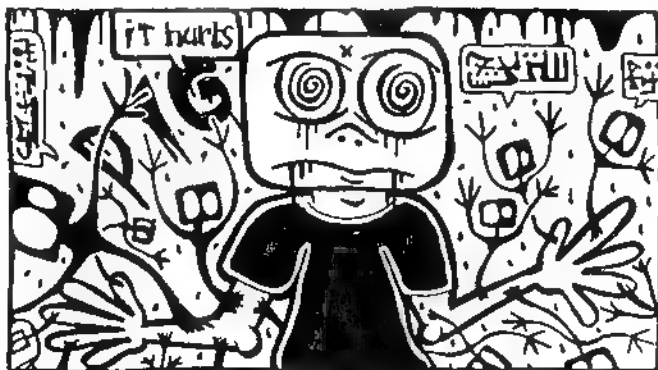
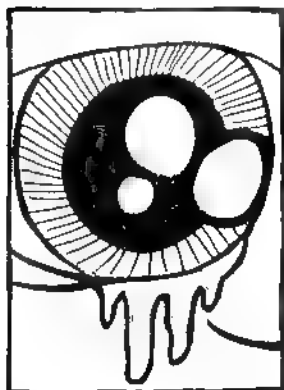
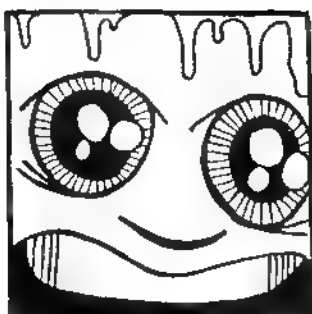
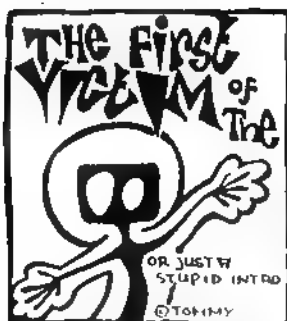
(BURNING BEARS)

FLAMMABLE LURE



HOK W





the sick puppy hi-fi

music reviews by stratu



ATARI TEENAGE RIOT '60 SECOND WIPEOUT' (DIGITAL HARDWARE RECORDINGS)

Now here's the soundtrack to your next night on industrial strength amphetamines - a breathless, ultra high velocity shot of pure sonic adrenaline. Here is the sound of electronics pushed far beyond their intended limits, with take-no-prisoners slogans ("IT'S TIME TO LIVE AND IT'S TIME TO DIE!!!") screamed over the top while a psychotic girl's ear splitting squeals make your erection explode in a shower of red and pearl. Ferocious.



DR DOOM 'FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED' (FUNKY ASS RECORDS)

Dr Doom (AKA Kool Keith and Dr Octagon) raps at a furious kinetic pace with subject matter like his exploits as a serial killer in 'Apartment 223' (the real life address of serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer). He rips other MCs apart like a pit bull going foaming red on soft flesh, supremely dexterous lyrically, it boggles the mind. He's known as a misogynist and tracks here like 'Bitch Gets No Love' sure won't change that.

Behind the lyrical feats the Diesel Truckers construct soundscapes creepy, bleepy, and every bit as awesome as Doom's genius raps.



Guided By Voices
Do The Collapse

GUIDED BY VOICES 'DO THE COLLAPSE' (TVT RECORDS)

After years spent making their perfectly flawed records in bedrooms, lounge rooms and garages, GBV now find themselves in a big, shiny studio with the Cars' Ric Ocasek at the boards. It could have been a disaster, but Robert Pollard's genius must be enough safeguard, for this album is yet another brilliant collection of immaculately executed guitar pop. Here's the only band in the world that gets me jumping around my room like a total spazz, singing along and doing 'rock poses' for chrissakes! These guys are truly special.

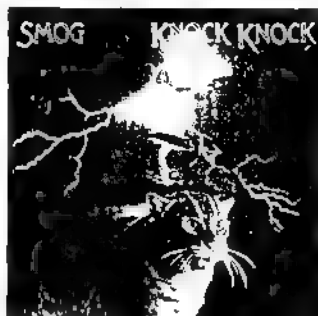


GUITAR WOLF 'JFT GENERATION' (MATADOR)

These Japanese sadists take the Ramones' schtick and transform it into something a thousand times more brutal and raw. Squalling feedback and overdriven amps make this album sound so live, it's like their playing right there in your room. There is a label on the cover that warns "This is the loudest album ever recorded. Playing at normal volume may cause irreparable damage to stereo equipment. Use at your own risk." It's no joke.

OVAL 'SZENARIODISK' (THRILL JOCKEY)

Digital sounds dissected, stretched and warped with the precise touch of a surgeon. The warmest melodies flicker in then out, revealing this not to be cold electronic music - there's a synthetic heart throbbing throughout.



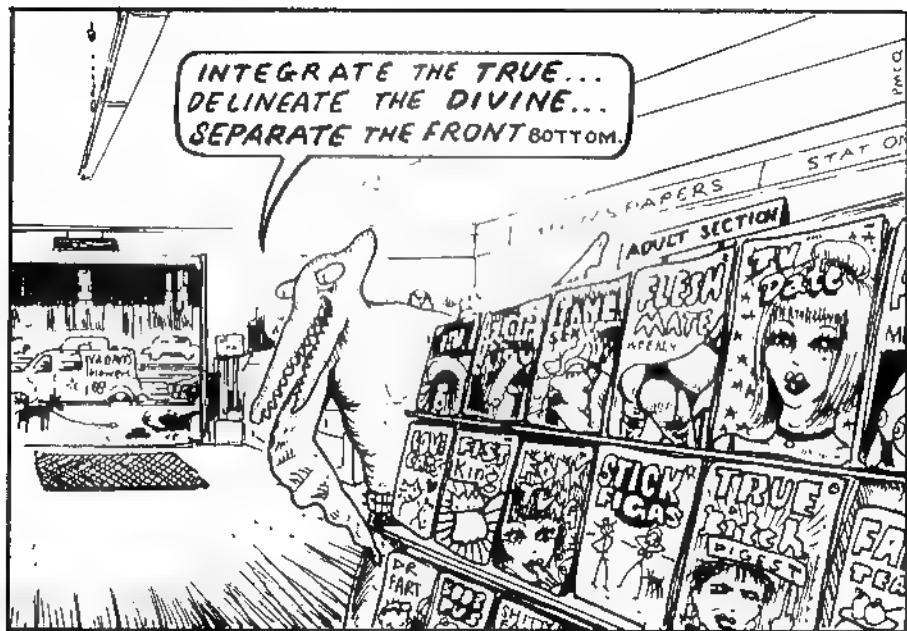
SMOG 'KNOCK KNOCK' (DRAG CITY)

This is the first Smog album I've heard, however it's something like his fifth. Smog is Bill Callaghan and he writes these songs, these really melancholy songs using words with such craft and economy that not one is there that doesn't absolutely need to be. Check out 'Cold Blooded Old Times' and listen for the line that goes "How can I stand, and laugh with the man, who redefined your body". I've listened to that song a million times.



SOURCE DIRECT 'EXORCISE THE DEMONS' (ASTRALWERKS)

Dark, sinister drum and bass right here - it could be the soundtrack to some futuristic, bone chilling thriller. Alarms slice through the air, instantly putting your nerves on edge. Scudding metallic percussion creates the sense that you're racing from some relentlessly persistent predator you never clearly see. And then there's the clash and clang of Ninja steel in 'Concealed Identity'. In this world light has been banished forever.



MY BROTHER STRATU!
THIS is the FATE

WHICH AWAITS YOU
IF YOU DO NOT



REPENT OF YOUR WICKED WAYS and
cease publishing the VILE **SICK PUPPY!**

Save your soul — BURN all copies of that wretched
magazine AND scatter the ashes on UNHALLOWED GROUND
Destroy also that devil incarnate, MANHEIM JERKOFF! — AND
remember: HIS HEART MUST BE REMOVED AND BURNED
LEST HE RISE AGAIN!!!

by.. Bruno D Nadalin

... OUT THE NAME OUT ...

KEN OAF'S... SEX FILES & SIN TALES

I used to work at a few sex shops in the city and the Cross, and some of the things I've seen or been told about really push the envelope in terms of the worst depravity and indecency imaginable. Being in the industry, I had the dubious honour of hearing about some affiliated deeds of glaring atrocity as well...

Stories of homo fuck dens and ram lounges where jazz guzzling smut fiends literally spend days immersed in cock and anal debauchery. A guy I knew briefly had to clean out the sex lair above where he worked and he told me of giant cockroaches thriving in the heat and stench up there, and on the gallons of spent cum. Video booths are installed for the available lecher, and apparently the TV screens are absolutely thick with sprayed loads. The guy was instructed just to loosely tidy up the room after his shift and pick up any noticeable items of refuse or debris. So when one morning he discovered a large cumcrumb with a formidable brown tinge his understandable reaction was "I'm not fucken touchin' that!!" One can only wonder about the unspeakable foulness that the contract cleaners must contend with.

Another guy I talked to related some horror stories from the 'now' smut palace over which he reigned. This 'shop' is in the Cross and is one of those joints that hire out cheap rooms in which to shoot up or shoot a load. I get the impression that once the den is rented, one can do almost anything (to anyone) in there and get away with it. Evidently the floors and walls are a minefield of syringes and a variety of bodily fluids. So again it is a place where only the designated and/or desperate would ever dare venture. My source reports that on more than one occasion someone has OD'd in one of the rooms then been dragged out the back and left in the alley. Call an ambulance out of courtesy and then either way it is out of sight and out of mind.

The guy told of how, occasionally, an unsuspecting straight dude would wander into the gay lounge, thinking it might be cool to watch and/or wank over porn films with a heap of other presumed straight guys. However, terror takes hold as the mug is swamped by a pack of homo sex hounds and forced into their sweaty and torrid load slurping revelry. One day a young lad from the suburbs walked into the parlour, probably pissed and thinking he was cool on account he was out on the weekend and up at the Cross with its magnetic crime, sex, drug and party vibe. The dude went into one of the video booths for a look and perhaps to shred his salami. Selective cubicles have a hole in the wall, and like most holes, this hole has many uses. The naive boy from the 'burbs thrusts his cock through the opening for an expected good time from the other side. After a while he staggers out with a busted nut or two and proclaims to the guy behind the counter something like "Man, that was the best headjob I ever had!!". Anyway, after the clump leaves with a huge grin and a drained sac, a big, hulking, hairy and sweaty Greek man emerges from the booth, made up, dressed up and licking her cum dribbling lips.

Now I've worked in a few sex shops in the city and the Cross, and I've also witnessed some notable instances of inglorious humanity. One shift, I swore someone had done the worst fart I'd ever smelt in the shop and it was lingering around the counter. Even the most evil air biscuits don't tarry for too long, so after a while I went around the shop to investigate the seemingly omnipresent malodour. I gauged that the reek was emanating from one of the booths, so I struggled to get closer, fighting my

way through the pungent mist. After reaching the boothfront I hailed a minor victory, then summoned the courage to gently, but reluctantly, prise open the cubicle. As soon as the door squeaked open a few centimetres I was bludgeoned by the most demonic of all Satanic stenches. Instinct took over as I slammed shut the gate to smell hell then ran to safer atmosphere to recover from my violent retching and near spew. It was my duty to make sure the shop and booths were clean for the next shift, however there was no way I was going back to face the horror of which I thankfully caught only a momentary glimpse, a massive, thick, dark brown eruption of ultra septic shit that had been unceremoniously plastered on and smeared down the wall and into the bin below. Well, at least the cunt used the bin. Incidentally, that stinking mudslide of bowel sewage was left to bake and fester in the booth for the rest of my shift and all of the next. At least another 10 hours. The guy who ultimately had to clean it out was a lying, stealing, lowlife piece of shit. So there you have it - the moral of the story.

Another time, a really dirty looking guinea transvestite bitch came into the shop with some dude who probably didn't know, or maybe didn't care, that she was a bloke. 'It was using one of the video booths to entertain its client. I used to get a bit of that whores coming in to use the booth, because at \$6 for 15 minutes, the rooms were cheap, easy and granny, with a bonus X rated movie. The tranny was whinging that the porno wasn't on (or something) when I was trying to sell some wog an expensive pearl vibrator. The toy sold for around \$300 (costing \$80) and the tranny was complaining about losing her six bucks, so I told 'him' I had priorities and to wait. The he-bitch was a bit miffed as she took off with her stupefied trick, and I thought I'd had the last laugh. I now made a habit of checking the booths regularly to avoid any nasty surprises at the end of my shift. The filthy tranny left a ribbed condom filled and swollen with warm piss, the dirty bitch.

A female friend of mine plies her trade in a bondage house in the city. It's mostly domination stuff with some submissive businessman getting beaten, humiliated or punished. More discerning or depraved individuals can entertain fantasies and celebrate the extremes of perversion and masochism. One guy has had his cock slammed in the door so many times it is now quite deformed and misshapen. Another man wanted to have his scrotum nailed to a table or bench - right through a testicle, that is - but could find no takers. A favourite customer of the 'parlour of pain' is a particular gentleman who demands to be shat on and given many enemas. He likes to have massive dildos shoved up his arse, leaving his sphincter completely dilated and his rectal passage wide open, ready to be pissed in.

Well folks, I'm off now, (So to speak) but keep your orbs and mouth open for me in your future. Ken Oaf will soon be signing autographs and splooging on faces at your nearest and dearest perpsnow. I favour the end booths so look for thick yoghurt on the screen and steaming piss in the corner.



art by Bruno D Nadalin

SEX LIFE

THE MUSICAL

OY VEI!

THIS SEASON
FORSKINS ARE
IN



...I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY,
ANYWAY MORONS, JERK OFF
OVER THIS NEXT SEGMENT



WELL YOU PUNY
LITTLE MAN, TAKE
THIS MAGIC LOTION



UN-ZIP
YOUR TROUSES
AND RUB IT
ON YOUR
SCROTUM!

SO I
RUBBED
AND I
RUBBED
AND...



AND I
RUBBED
AND I
RUBBED
AND...



RUBBED
AND I
RUBBED
AND...



ENOUGH
WITH THE
RUBBING!
GET TO
THE
PUNCH
LINE YOU
SHMOCK!

ALAS YOU FOOLISH
IDIOT THINGS ARENT AS
THEY APPEAR

AS MUCH AS
YOUR TOOL CHANGED
IN SIZE YOUR BODY
DID LIKE WIZE!



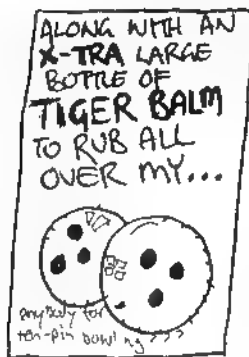
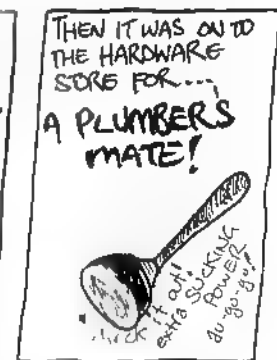
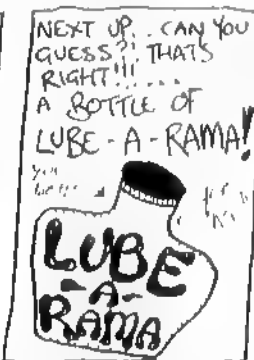
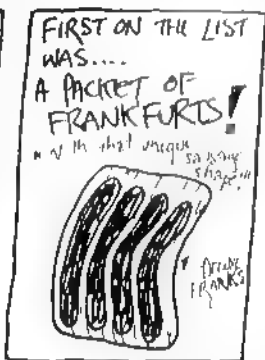
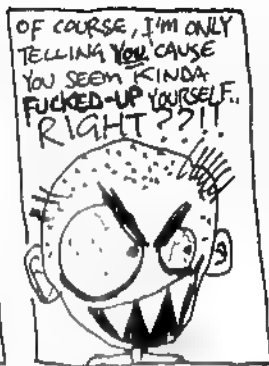
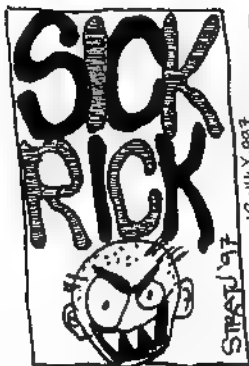
AS YOU
CAN SEE
THE LOTION
DID THE TRICK
COME AND BEHOLD
WITH ME MY MASSIVE
THROBBING PRICK!





THE ATROPHIED AND
RETARDED SPIRIT OF
FEMINISM RISES FROM
THE PIT OF DESPAIR AND
OPPRESSION, PREGNANT
WITH HATRED AND A BURNING
LUST FOR POWER, TO VENT ITS
PERNICIOUS RAGE UPON ANYTHING
INTELLECTUAL OR CREATIVE AND
OPPRESS OTHERS, EVEN THOSE
OF ITS OWN KIND.

ARNA 6.99



DO I NEED THIS SHIT IN MY FACE?

by MANNHEIM JERKOFF

She's sweet and young. She snuggles up to you and is soon sliding on your face, gingerly rubbing a sweet, neat, clean pussy over your lips and chin. Your tongue is a flexible wet hump that you erect for her little clitoris to tense and grind against. She moves up, now her pussy is your moustache. She gently teases her love hump against the tip... of... your... nose... and **WHAM!!** A steaming mound of shit falls into your open mouth. You try to breathe through your nose but her cunt is blocking it off. You gag a gasp of shit-stained air and a chunk of shit gets choked down...

Which brings me to this issue's topic: body waste!



絵:アキラ・伊藤

I believe it was French symbolist writer Remy De Gourmont who said, "Chastity is the most unnatural of the sexual perversions". I'd add that eating your own shit must be a close second, but in **KAVIAR BABIES** they revel in it.

The setting is a child's birthday party and mum is trying to feed those cheeky kids. But mum is one sick and twisted fucker - she's serving them shit and filling the baby bottle with piss. As they (2 baby boys, 1 baby girl) suckle down on piss and munch up real rectal refuse, they all get a bit toey (as you would), so the boys smear shit over their dickies whilst baby girl slurps it off with a blow job. (Kids will be kids!). The cum-guzzling kinderslut, unsure if she's sufficiently degraded herself, then allows the boys to paint her face with excrement and shove tot toys into her bald box.

I too used to throw a wild party when I was a kid, but most of the other kids would just sit there crying.

A friend of mine once remarked, "You may as well shit on the floor as say anything profound these days", and I guess that it's true in most circles, but there are still some

small groups where profound thought is welcome, and there are some (even smaller) circles where shitting on the floor is also welcome. Take the Kaviar gang at **GRENZBEREICH**. In **SPERRGEBIET #6**, a shit whore extrovert rolls around naked in a bare room that becomes a dumping ground. She rarely gets off her knees and when she does it is to lick someone's (guy's or gal's) shit smeared arse or suck them off. Eventually the lumpy crap gets slick with piss and enema-expelled slop and a poo paste covers her from head (and hair) to toe. Does it satisfy some primal urge? Or is it a cheap and vulgar impression of the black man's lot in life? I'm unsure. She seems to be having the time of her life, a wicked gleam in her eye throughout. She is spooned lumps of shit which she snaps up, chews down, then opens her mouth in anticipation of more.

7 arseholes are then primed with water (3 girls, 4 guys one guy is black. Has she *no* shame?), everyone lines up, bends over and after a climactic countdown everyone simultaneously fires off a 7 enema salute all over the supreme shitwhore.

Eventually, in the closing ceremony, she's the dutiful housewife and with a rag attempts to mop up the putrid mess. Then, to everyone's amazement, she wrings the cloth out by twisting fecal juice all over her head and into her gaping, greedy mouth.

Is it degrading to women? Yes. (But they have things too easy anyway). Besides, she's not so prudish that she can't enjoy a dose of degradation now and then.

"What a load of shit."

GRENZBEREICH #20 KAVIR fur miss x large.

How much would you be prepared to pay to see a big fat cunt do a shit on the floor? You'd pay more than I would. It may be hard to believe but there's some (few) things that disgust even me.

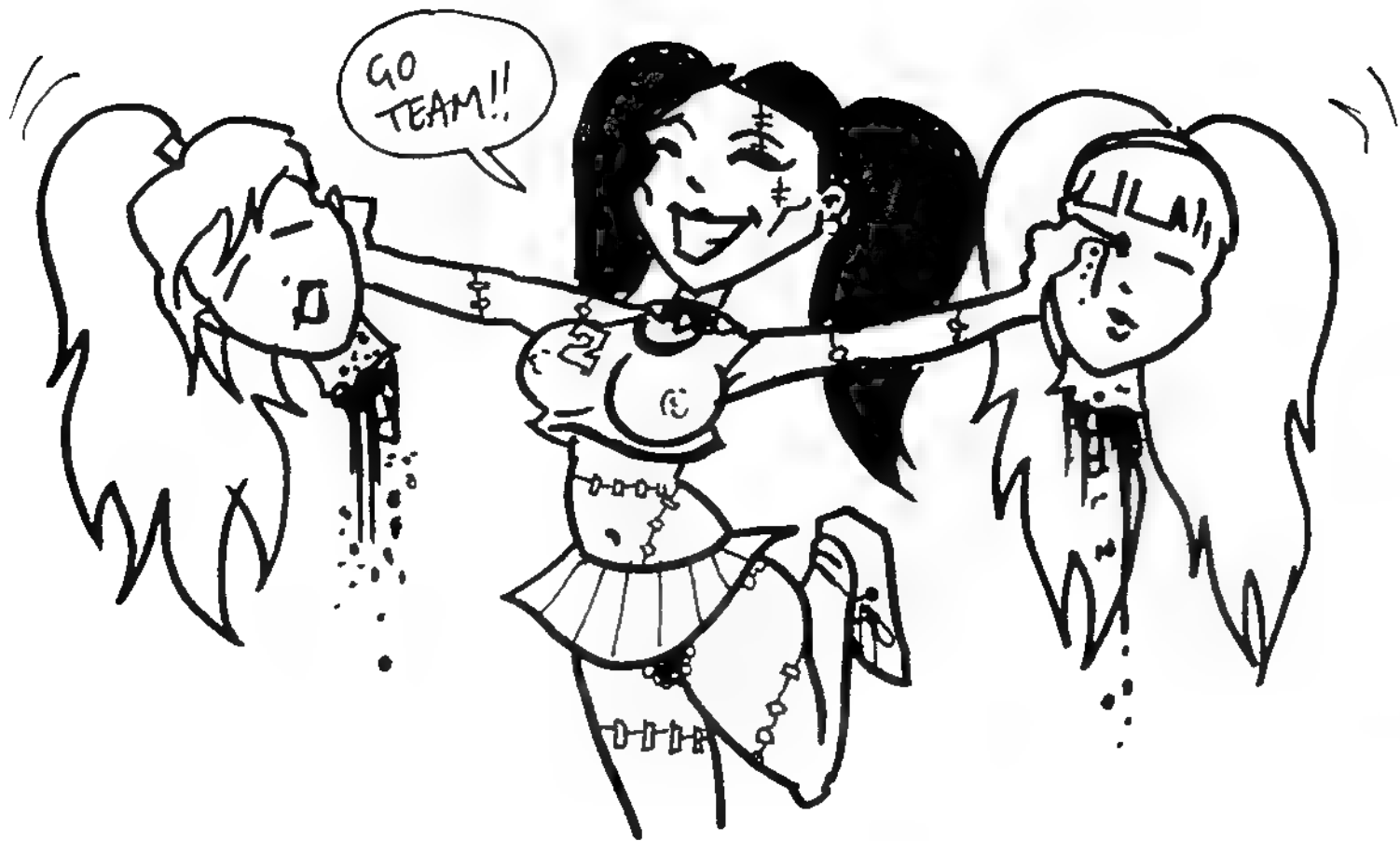
It's like some Zen koan... "What is the sound of one hag crapping?"

I can live a full and rich life without having to watch this.

Nothing human is alien to me, or so I once believed, but that was before I saw **WET RUBBER BIZARRE** by Videorama. Why an attractive, lively young girl would permit a disfigured old pervert to punch his hands into her cunt then wallow in the abject debasement of having several people piss into her open mouth is beyond me. She is vigorously sodomised while an entire hand thrashes wildly in and out of her fuckhole. Throughout her ordeal she dutifully fells a happy onlooker.

A guy (and later a girl) jam both hands into her rumed twat, filling her to capacity. Surely the privileges that go along with such youth and beauty exclude her from having to humiliate herself in such a fashion. And her reward for participating in such debauchery? Several men ejaculate onto her face as she licks it up.

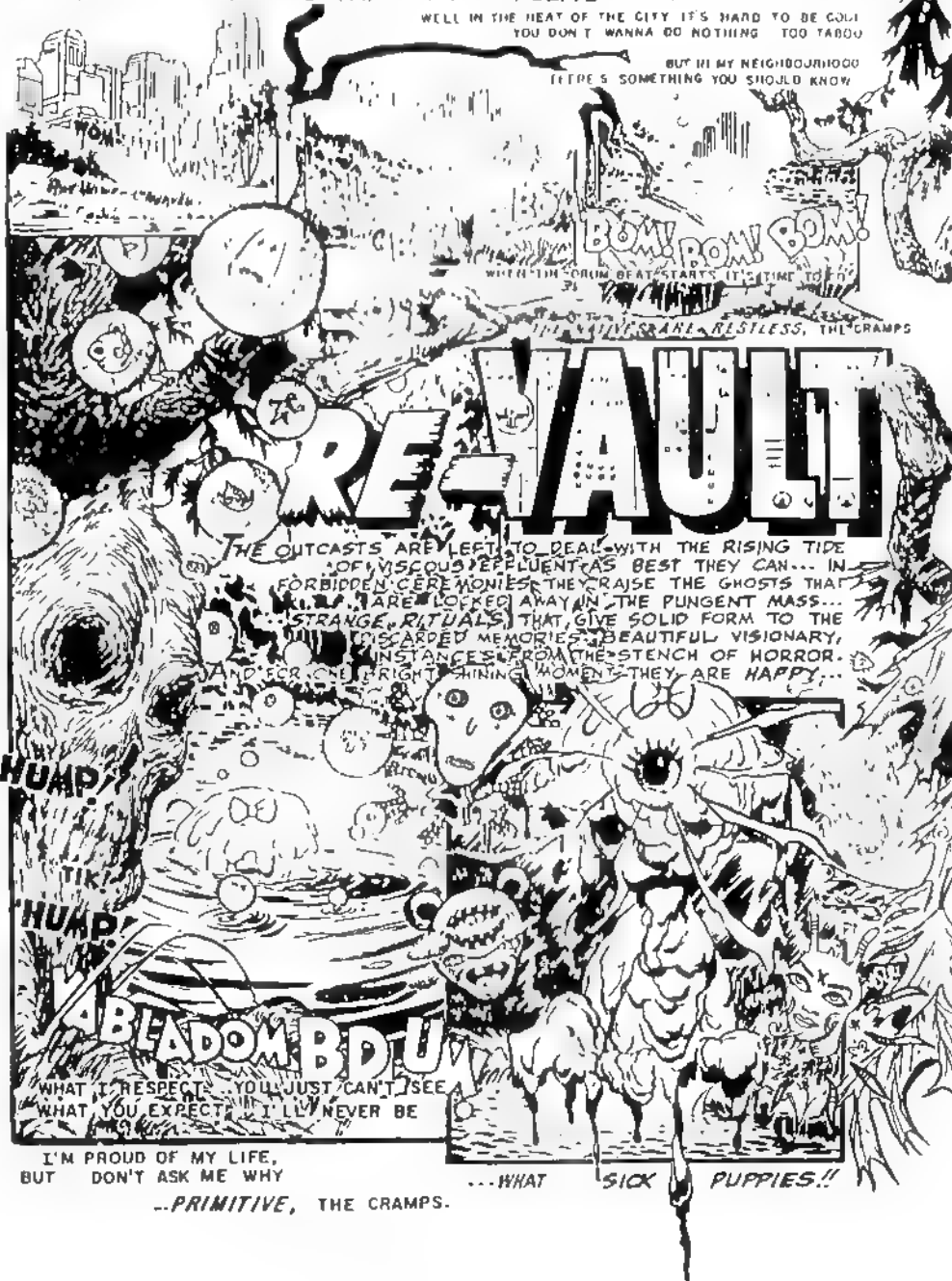
I can only assume that she enjoys partaking in such shameful and exploitive practices. Perhaps there is a certain exaltation in such brutal, debased (not to mention unhygienic) pastimes. Or maybe she will spend the rest of her life in regret of one moment indelibly imprinted and recorded on film where she abandoned her self worth for a few measly dollars, a mouthful of piss and jizz and a cunt full of assorted hands.



ON THE OUTER FRINGE OF THE TOWN IT WAITS... CENTURIES OF ILL WILL AND BAD FEELING HAVE BEEN PUMPED THERE FROM THE HEART OF THE CITY... THE FESTERING FLUD OF SMALL EMBARRASMENTS, THE YELLOW SWEAT OF FRANK ADMISSIONS, THE STANKY GREEN PUS OF ABJECT HATRED... DAILY IT GATHERS... LEFT TO ROT IN POOLS OF SWAMPY BILE, AWAY FROM THE EYES, EARS AND NOSES OF POLITE COMPANY.

WELL IN THE HEAT OF THE CITY IT'S HARD TO BE COOL
YOU DON'T WANNA DO NOTHING TOO TABOO

BUT IN MY NEIGHBOURHOOD
THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW



THE OUTCASTS ARE LEFT TO DEAL WITH THE RISING TIDE
OF VISCEROUS EFFLUENT AS BEST THEY CAN... IN
FORBIDDEN CEREMONIES THEY RAISE THE GHOSTS THAT
ARE LOCKED AWAY IN THE PUNGENT MASS...
STRANGE RITUALS THAT GIVE SOLID FORM TO THE
DISCARDED MEMORIES OF BEAUTIFUL VISIONARY
INSTANCES FROM THE STENCH OF HORROR
AND FOR ONE BRIGHT SHINING MOMENT THEY ARE HAPPY...

WHAT I RESPECTS... YOU JUST CAN'T SEE A
WHAT YOU EXPECT... I'LL NEVER BE

I'M PROUD OF MY LIFE,
BUT DON'T ASK ME WHY

...WHAT SICK PUPPIES!!

--PRIMITIVE, THE CRAMPS.



SICKPUPPY

the SICK PUPPY mailbag



Got anything to say about this here publication? Why not get it off your chest for our other readers to see by writing to us at **SICK PUPPY COMIX PO BOX 93 PADDINGTON NSW 2021 AUSTRALIA** or e-mail stratu@start.com.au You can also contact us through the **SICK PUPPY COMIX website** at www.sickpuppycomix.com

Meanwhile, here's a bunch of mail received since SP#9...

SICK PUPPY #9 - another triumph! Highlights for me this time 'round were **Ryan Vella** (who I always like) and **Ashworth** (who's really growing on me - thanks to your championing of his cause, I'm taking the time to read his stuff). And **Shit Pete** brought a tear to the eye.

Chris Mikul
Haymarket NSW

Yeah, it's a shame Gerard's work is so goddamned 'messy' - it just seems to put most people off immediately - Stratu

Well, looks like your letters page is up and running, and at the small expense of some boys who should know better writing me off as a PC fascist. Unsurprising that criticism of rape, paedophilia and substandard writing skills is so unpopular as we march footbound and hobbled towards the new millenium. At any rate, I actually DO think it's good that these things are left uncensored and open to discussion, if only because people can look at the rape and paedophilia bits and think... *"This sucks. Gtame more Q-Ray"*. As the One Nation electoral fiasco proved in spades, regressive ideas exposed to the harsh eye of critical scrutiny seldom prosper.

Ashworth is a letters page all by himself, and only liberal use of teeny fonts prevented his screed from absorbing the bulk of your publication. Hard to tell if he was being evasive or just his usual bewildering self. It's like reading a John Fowles novel backwards. Anyhow, it's nice to see him emerge from the cave and contribute to the slanging match after his non-appearance at the picnic. *[Small Press Picnic, Centennial Park, December 1998]*.

Phil Reakes
Marrickville NSW

Always good to get a new PUPPY in the mail, especially with a big ass **Anton [Emdin]** cover. Clint Q-Ray rang me and said... *"Got the new SICK PUP? No? Check yer PO Box NOW!! Gotta read the letters, you'll wish they'd just keep going on!! Fantastic!!"*. So I knew about it before I even got it. Would have to say not one dud comic in it!! Huge! Thanks for the words in the review, much appreciated.

What the hell is "Archive Quality" anyway? I have heard that if you double bag a xeroxed comic, after 25 years you get a book of blank pages with a lot of black plastic flakes down the bottom of the bag. Cop that, fanboys!

Thought I'd have to put my two cents in on the whole **Reakes/Blanden** controversy. Was going to give a piece of my mind but I couldn't dig any up! Anyway... I kind of figure everyone makes the comic that they want to see themselves. (Why else do it?). And everyone has the right to read it and say... *"I*

thought that bit was fucked", or *"that bit gave me the shits"*. Whatever. But it always amazes me when someone says... *"You should make your comic this way"*. **FUCK OFF!!** So when Mr Reakes says... *"Cull this for a better publication... Do this more..."*, that's crossing the invisible line for me. You go there if you want to, when you want to.

Reading from SP#1 I'd say you had done a pretty major job as editor getting the standard raised with each issue. It is one of the first things mentioned when I've talked to other comic artists about SP - how far it's come in a comparatively short time.

I also think it's lame to go personal when someone presents their opinion on something you've done. I liked your reasoned response to Neale's letter, whereas **Mannheim's** reply kind of dodged the issue slightly by straying into personal invective. I know it's hard not to get pissed off and go for the jugular when someone criticises your work, but it weakens your arguments when you get personal.

(The **"Porn Shamefile"** was one of my favourite bits in SP#9, just so no one thinks I'm on a **Mannheim** kick session. It made me laugh out loud and cringe in recognised disgust, too. German porn I've seen can have some real ugly moments where you go... *"Who the fuck thinks this is erotically stimulating?"*. But I'm off the track here...)

When someone uses "politically correct" or "post modern" anytime, they never mean anything to me, it's just a way of not having to debate the issue properly. They just seem to be two emptied out, nebulous, bankrupt terms that mean everything and nothing, whatever to whoever.

Tim Danko
Flemington VIC

Congrats on getting SP#9 out. (Did it feel like **"Brown Love"**?). Such high production values! The Mira Tan is a nice sepia gravy coloured stock. The **SICK PUPPY** dog house style is now established, consistent and more extreme. Interesting feedback on the letters page where some small press put themselves on the line. I had a big think on how I feel about all this and I've come to the conclusion that I'm not really hardcore enough to be in SP#10, so I'll continue to be a voyeur.

Louise Graber
Glebe NSW

My favourite stuff in SP#9...

- the cover by **Tung Nguyen**;
- **"Poetry"** by **Ross Tesoriero** - it's great to see comix which maintain the tradition of irreverence and "stupidity". I'm really tired of all the angst-ridden, self-obsessed bullshit which cartoonists are so pre-occupied with (in this country at least). Angst and self-obsession are great, but make it funny or at least compelling to people other than your closest friends;
- **"Little Dickeyes in.. Flop Dog"**. (I love the panel where all the dogs are anxiously waiting to hear who the winner is);
- and **Mannheim Jerkoff's** column. That 'Alice's Baby' photo is truly disturbing. What are the censorship laws like in Australia? There's plenty of places in this country where printing stuff like that could get you in trouble. People get hysterical about anything involving children.

P.S. I must apologise - I think I unconsciously 'stole' your character Shit Pete for my character Sick Nick. Looking at them side by side, as they're printed in SP#9, the similarity really strikes me. This was purely unintentional - consider it a compliment!

Bruno Nadalin
New Jersey USA

The censorship laws here seem to be going down the fuckin' toilet as a matter of fact, Bruno (see Paul's letter below), but hey, that's the beauty of small press - our print runs are so 'insignificant' that 'they' don't wanna give us the added publicity by going after our stuff. - Stratu

Do you remember a guy in the shop wearing a suit and holding a clipboard at the same time you dropped in SICK PUPPY[#9]?

The guy was from the **Office of Film and Literature Classification**. He recommended I remove the copies of HIGH TIMES and X rated videos and also bought a copy of SICK PUPPY.

He said that it should be rated as there are depictions of sex. I told him that it wasn't viable for you to send it to the Censorship Board as you wouldn't be able to pay the fee and that SICK PUPPY was an artistic endeavour.

He said that it didn't matter, that anything with sexual content should be presented to get rated and display a warning sticker IF successfully rated. So now the government know about you, sorry. They also know about me which is a bummer.

Paul Elliott - POLYESTER BOOKS
Fitzroy VIC

That turd-loving kid needs some sort of therapy.

D W Gilbert (from SP website guestbook)
Las Vegas USA

I'm writing to you under the suspicion that SP#9 may have possibly triggered a howling shit storm of debate, I'm referring, of course, to **Mannheim Jerkoff's** now undoubtedly notorious 'Porn Shamefile'.

I've got to admit it's been quite some time since I've been genuinely and deeply offended by something outside of Hollywood, and for this reason I must yield and take my hat off to **Mr Jerkoff** for reasons forthwith:

Mannheim has personally expressed his delight in viewing and reviewing films of extreme exploitation, and also appeared to be quite distraught over the fact that a fat woman - whom he considered "grotesque" and "not human" - wasn't impaled on a fence during the course of the particular film he was reviewing. (This is what I personally considered the real nerve-ending in his piece). Okay. First of all, for whatever **Mr Jerkoff** lacks in ignorance (huh? - Ed), you have got to admit he makes up for in honesty. How many of you would 'fess up to even a fraction of the shit that **Mannheim** has candidly expressed glee in? If there is a Nobel prize for honesty, that man has got my vote. I have NEVER YET come across anything so brutally honest.

So, **Mr Jerkoff** has opened my eyes to the importance of honesty and for that I thank him and I finish with this elaborate question to you, the potentially disgruntled reader:

If **Mr Jerkoff** ever found himself in, say, the uncompromising position of being raped to the hilt with the back-end of a broomhandle whilst his mother was helplessly being cut to pieces and his sister's severed head being used in place of a masturbatory fist, all for the benefit of a video camera, and you, say, happened to read a review of this clip by someone who found it to have appeal, would you gun down the reviewer in order to feel good about yourself - actually believing that he or she represents an entire body of exploitation that existed

before they were even born? Or would you feel it more important to question a society where a market for exploitation exists so that nobody need suffer the fate that poor old **Mr Jerkoff** had to suffer?

My hat is in the ring.

I conclude by stating that both **Strat** and **Mannheim** have put their necks on the chopping block. Cut off their heads, you cut off your own. And the market for impaling women onto fence posts may well thrive into the next millennium.

Respect to you all - especially those I disagree with!

Aaron Southgate
London UK

Well what do ya say, it's good. It's fucking good. And God is big and don't like SICK PUPPY COMIX. God need some penis.

Carl Kamikaze (from SP website guestbook)
SWEDEN - The Land of Kang Punk
<http://www.come.to/maktslakt>

Sorry to hear you've got an insurrection brewing on your hands. My first reaction, when faced with a crisis is to say.. "What would Hitler do in such a situation?", but, then again, what works for me might not work for you. (Just kidding - I don't like Hitler! Christ, some things you just can't joke about!) I don't know if my opinion is worth much, but if the issue is people's objections to **Mannheim Jerkoff**, I say: Lot 'em go! Good riddance! **Mannheim's** column is one of my favourite features of SICK PUPPY and it certainly belongs there. Personally, I can't stand the whininess of cartoonists who, in a bid to attain some vague status of "respectability", denigrate the long tradition of nastiness and irreverence which has been the cartoonists' privilege for centuries. (Is this making sense?) It's just that I hate the whole high road/low road debate. Sure, there's beauty, love, and all that other crap in the world, but there's tons more misery and suffering, and, it seems to me, cartoonists have always been and should be willing to indulge that shit-smearing, drooling mutant-infant - which everyone carries about in their brain pans - in their art. Many cartoonists seem to want to 'elevate' the medium of comics to the plane of literature, or at 'least' cinema - I think it's already elevated by virtue of dealing so directly with everything that is (necessarily) repressed and shut away. Anyway, hope that makes sense, and, just to make it personal, I never cared too much for **Gerard Ashworth's** stuff anyway. Just don't get rid of **Mannheim!** He's the litmus test for SICK PUPPY! Besides, you'd have to kill him, remove his heart and left hand, burn them and scatter the ashes on hallowed ground! Sure, no jury would convict you, but who wants to go to all that trouble?

Bruno Nadalin
New Jersey USA

[Note: That part near the end there about Ashworth is in response to the news that Gerard Ashworth sent me a letter announcing that he would no longer be contributing to SICK PUPPY on account that we were all "still throwing shit at the walls", and that since he has always "aimed higher", he felt that it would be a waste of his time if he continued his association with this publication - Stratu]

The comics arrived safely and I've read them through a couple of times - they're great and I'm glad to include them in my collection. Interesting I've had to go outside the U.S. to find comics twisted enough to really tweak my interest. I'm looking forward to SP#10.

D.R. McBride
Boulder City NV USA





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